National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXIX. NO. 37. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1869. WHOLE NO. 1,493.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 39 Nassau Street, New York.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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GEN. GRANT AND IMPEACHMENT.

ST. LOUIS, MO., January 5th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

IN my letter to THE STANDARD dated May 29th 1868, I stated that it was reported that Gen. Grant favored an acquittal of President Johnson after the vote upon the Eleventh Article, and Senator Ross claimed his vote was cast at the instance of Gen. Grant. It was generally believed by those whose opportunities of knowing his views were most favorable, that although desiring the success of the measure at the time it received the sanction of the House of Representatives, he desired its defeat before the testimony in the case was closed. Many Radical friends deemed such suspicions unfounded, and censured me for endeavoring to create a belief in their truthfulness. Since his election to the Presidency he has spoken freely of the matter and admits that the facts were as suspected. A few days since one of the Representatives from Missouri called upon the President elect and had a conversation respecting political matters. Among other topics the subject of the Missouri Senatorial election was mentioned. Gen. Grant asked what was the objection to Senator Henderson. The Representative answered, his vote on Impeachment. Gen. Grant replied, that ought not to hurt him. The Representative then asked him if he was not in favor of impeachment. He replied he was when it was first voted for by the House of Representatives, but he soon became convinced that if it succeeded the Republican party would lose the election and could not carry more than five or six States—he was satisfied that the defeat of Impeachment saved the Republican party in the recent election, and no Republican Senator voting against it ought to be injured with his constituents for such vote. He seemed much interested in the success of Mr. Henderson.

Such now turns out to be the position of Gen. Grant on Impeachment. To him and his special friends are we indebted for its failure, and the probabilities are strong that he will take pains to reward the seven Senators for their votes. It is thought by those claiming to know most of the matter that both Fessenden and Trumbull will be offered seats in his Cabinet. And why should they not be? The General believes they saved his election, and on every principle of party usage, if that be so, they are entitled to Cabinet appointments. It is by no means certain that Henderson will not be offered the position of Secretary of the Interior. He is the favorite of both Grant and Gen. Schofield, and if any man deserves well of Grant on the ground of defeating impeachment it is Senator John B. Henderson. He has lost more by that vote than either of the other Senators, and if it be true that the defeat of Impeachment was necessary to the election of Grant and the salvation of the Republican party, surely he should have his reward.

But enough of that. To Gen. Grant more than any other man living is the nation indebted for the mischievous consequences of President Johnson's policy, and it now turns out that to him are we indebted for the failure to remove that treacherous, bad man from the White House. And it is now very doubtful whether Republican members of Congress will muster up manhood enough to propose any Radical Amendments to the National Constitution the present winter. The present is the last session in which the party will have a two-thirds majority so as to be able to propose amendments, and if an amendment granting suffrage to all is not proposed this winter, every Radical in the Union will know that it is because Grant and the leaders of the Republican party are opposed to the measure and have determined to make the blasphemy of the Chicago Republican Convention and the Fourteenth Amendment the irrevocable policy of the nation during the Administration of U. S., Grant.

I see Senator Wilson has introduced two bills for mending the Supreme Court. That Senator may be very good in some places but judging from his measures in Congress he is a very slow and unreliable Radical Senator. The idea of Grant to appoint is perfectly ridiculous. With his expressed views of Impeachment and other public matters, it would only be proposing to authorize Judge Chase to increase his power of mischief in that Court. Judge Chase is quite as trustworthy on all questions growing out of reconstruction as U. S. Grant and the Republican platform. In fact the Judge's views were all embodied in the Chicago Republican Platform, and have been reiterated by Gen. Grant a dozen different times. I had a thousand times rather trust the court, as at present constituted, than as it would be with Trumbull, Fessenden and seven other such men added to it.

One idea suggested in one of Wilson's Bills is simply outrageous. It proposes to continue to judges, that resign after they have reached the age of seventy years the full salary of the office during life. In other words it proposes to pension retired judges the same as wounded and disabled soldiers are pensioned. The American people will never submit to such nonsense, and should it be passed, not a Representative or Senator voting for it could sustain himself before his constituents. It would be repealed within two years after its passage and approval. The American people are beginning to consider the propriety of very materially lessening the military pensions, and will never submit to have a civil list of that character fastened upon them. Officers of the Army are appointed for life, and receive good pay, and should save a competence for old age by the time they become infirm from age, and it is quite likely that ere long the people will demand the retirement from service, without pay, of all who are disabled without wounds or disease contracted in the line of duty. It is too late in the day to talk about pensioning civilians, and if it were not, the last men in the world entitled to such pensions are the antiquated fossils in robes sitting on the bench of the Supreme Court. If the Senator from Massachusetts cannot find better employment in the Senate than cobbling in so bungling a manner the Supreme Court he had better resign at once and give place to some good Radical who can.

CHARLES E. MOSS.

FROM VIRGINIA.

THE FREED PEOPLE—SCHOOLS—LAND.

NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, VIRGINIA, December 12th, 1868.

MY DEAR G——: I promised to write to you from this "Northern Neck" of Virginia, where I have been spending a week full of instruction and interest, among the "old field pines" and "broom grass," but with the signs of promise for the future all around.

Two years ago there were no signs of regeneration here, but the colored people now have two churches about eight miles apart, (each a neat frame building forty feet long by twenty-five feet wide), neatly finished with plastered walls inside, glazed windows, stoves, hanging lamps, and high-backed seats reminding one of the "forms," on which, in New England, forty to sixty years ago, ourselves and our progenitors were cramped into an education. These buildings are said to have cost not less than $900 each; all of which has been defrayed by the colored people themselves, with the exception of $200 in each case allowed by the Freedmen's Bureau.

Serving for their religious meetings on Sundays and on two evenings in the week, these buildings do duty as school-houses every week day from 9 o'clock until 2, every Sunday from 9 until 11 a. m., and three evenings in a week for the "night-schools;" which accommodate those grown scholars, (not a few), whose work is too valuable to themselves and their families to admit of their devoting the day-time to learning.

An average attendance of about thirty day scholars and of about forty-five night scholars at each school, (coming from distances of from one to five miles), despite the storm and winds of this inclement season, gives a total number of about 150 souls benefited by instruction, who would otherwise have remained in total darkness, apparently for the remainder of their lives. Of all ages between six and fifty, their progress has been as variable as their age. Some learn rapidly; all are eager for knowledge. In the school which opened last year some pupils are studying geography, and doing sums in division. For writing and arithmetic they show especial aptitude; their achievement in the former study being unusual.

The progress made varies, of course, with individual capacity; but the following extract from a letter of one of the children aged thirteen years, now studying at the North, who, two years ago *did not know her letters*, will give an indication of what *some* have done:

"SHERWOODS, Nov. 18th, 1868.

"DEAR MISS E——: "I suppose you will have the pleasure of reading this letter at home. Belle and Emma Greene came and spent the afternoon with me to-day. While we were having a nice time at one part of the room, J—— had a call from Miss N—— M——, and they were on the lounge up in the other corner of the room; then, a few minutes afterwards, G—— came in but she didn't stay very long." * * * "I shall be very sorry when Y—— goes away, because we have such a nice time together." * * * "Yesterday was quite a rainy day, and B—— went to A—— with a load of wool." * * * "It is now ten minutes, of seven o'clock, so good night. I made the brown bread this morning for the second time, and yesterday I made a Johnny-cake, my second trial." * * *

"Friday, two o'clock.—"Your pleasant letter came to-day, and we were all so very glad to hear from you and Miss P——. When I wrote this letter I thought you would read it at S——, but I have found out since that you will perhaps get it at Lottsburg. Belle wants me to take the Little Pilgrim, and I want to. Very much love to you and all my friends. Good bye,

YOUR PUPIL.

The support to these schools is entirely voluntary, and they may be said to be wholly self-sustaining; except so far as the devotion of the teachers induces them to give their whole time for a compensation entirely insufficient for their support.

The impetus to improvement here has been given almost entirely by the efforts of one or two earnest and devoted women from the North; one of whom came here just two years ago, bringing with her three or four families of the miserably poor freed people whom the war had stranded at Arlington Camp, (near Washington), without provision for the present or hope for the future.

A tract of 350 acres was purchased for $1,650, (or about $4.75 per acre); this was divided into lots of from fifteen to twenty acres each, and each family placed on a lot; with liberty to farm on shares for the present, and an opportunity to earn a fee simple in the soil, if they should so choose. They have built themselves houses, and two families of them last year produced 300 bushels of corn; of which they receive one-half in hand, (the landowner finding teams), and a credit for one-half of the remainder on the purchase money of their lots. Other families have come in from outside quarters; and probably in five years the whole 350 acres will be covered with not less than twenty families.

One of the church-school-houses was built on land donated from this tract; thus forming a nucleus for free schools, and thereby encouraging immigration.

This is a very quiet and unassuming specimen of what might be done with most excellent effect throughout the South; and particularly in this tier of counties in Virginia bordering on the Potomac and on Chesapeake Bay. The white vote here before the war was largely anti-secession. Therefore the original simon pure, died-in-the-wool rebel element has never been so largely in the ascendent here as further South, and inland. So that now, while the whites who were rated as "Union men" in 1860, do not extend a cordial welcome to negro suffrage, and are still deeply tinged with the prejudices of caste, yet "outrages" are unknown, and the Ku-Klux-Klan has no outward and visible embodiment. Even should the persistency of the extremists at the South involve us in another rebellion, this district, from its position, must necessarily remain, as it did in the late war, almost continuously under the control of the Union flag. As long as Maryland remains under the political and social dominion of the late rebels, this tier of counties is really the vantage ground of Union sentiment, the true place for the entering wedge of free schools, free lands, free labor, free speech and free men.

What is the present condition of things? The former planters are still the owners of the lands, but without capital to work them, or a willingness to perceive and act upon the changed relation of capital and labor which the war has wrought. Lands can be bought at from three to thirty dollars per acre, according to quality and location; the thin high sandy land in the centre of the "neck" being offered for from three to seven dollars per acre; while the mellow low grounds near steamboat and schooner navigation may perhaps bring the higher figure.

But the present owners of the land will not sell to the freedman; and he hires land if he can hire it at all, as a tenant at will, subject to removal at the whim of the owner; and with the constant threat of ejection hanging over his head, unless he votes according to the landlord's will. The usual rent is one-third of the produce to the landlord, and two-thirds to the tenant, if the tenant owns his teams and tools; or two-thirds of the produce to the landlord and one-third to the tenant, if the landlord owns the teams and tools.

This, it will be seen, is not an unprofitable arrangement to the landlord. For instance, suppose a crop of ten bushels of grain to the acre, at one dollar a bushel, amounting to a total product of three hundred dollars on thirty acres. If the landlord furnishes nothing but land, he will receive one hundred dollars rent on thirty acres, or $3.33 per acre; equivalent to an income of six per cent. on a valuation of $55.55 per acre, (much more than the present price asked for any farm here). If he furnishes teams also, his profits are proportionally greater.

What is the remedy for this state of things; and what is the most practicable way by which private benevolence at the North can help these people?

I answer by buying up lands here as they come into market, and renting them to the colored people on fair terms, in lots of from five to thirty acres each, *with the privilege of buying their lot* in a term of years, *paying for it as they go.*

The good effect of a homestead to each man, which he can call his own, cannot be exaggerated, and need not be dwelt upon here. In this way only can they be redeemed from the shiftless and apathetic ways engendered in them by long years of toil in the results of which they had no interest. They are wide awake to the advantages of this improvement, and eager to avail themselves of it if offered. On this will follow free schools, frequent churches, neat cottages, order, industry and good citizenship nearly or quite as fast, and just as surely as they have followed the free homestead in Ohio, in Illinois, and in Iowa.

This, to be effectual, requires capital. Cannot a club of ten philanthropic men be found in each of the four wealthiest counties or cities of the State of New York, able and willing to unite in the purchase of ten thousand acres of land at an average cost of ten dollars an acre in one of the four above mentioned counties in Virginia; thus altogether, in the four counties, providing the means of an independent home for two thousand families of freedmen!

No formal organization, no joint stock "Land and Emigration Company" is needed. Better that the lands should be bought by and deeded to each proprietor in his own name. Some one of each club could easily visit the place, (so accessible and attractive in spring and summer), during the season of navigation of each year, and supervise the management. Some thoroughly honest and reliable man could easily be induced to reside on one of the farms, and superintend the leasing and sale. No "operations" being contemplated on joint account, and the property consisting entirely of real estate, if preferred, which cannot run away or easily decay, no large losses are *possible.* The money profits, (while it is not intended to make profit the main object), can easily be made considerable, if desired; and the return of the invested capital is morally certain.

But the returns in true Christian charity, in the consciousness of patriotic National Enterprise, in the real future consolidation of our Republic, cannot be measured by a "percentage," but will continue to flow in unintermitting dividends to the projectors and to their children in the third and fourth generation.

Truly yours,

VIATOR.

CAN INDIANS BE CIVILIZED?

From the Friend's Intelligencer.

AT a Meeting of the Committee on the Indian Concern, of Baltimore Yearly Meeting of Friends, held in Baltimore, on the 22d of Tenth month, 1868, the Delegation appointed to visit the "Iroquois Agricultural Exhibition" at Cattaraugus, and the "Thomas Asylum for Orphan and Destitute Indian Children," on behalf of Committee, made the following report, which was satisfactory, viz.:

CATTARAUGUS INDIANS.

On the 26th of 9th mo., we left Baltimore for Cattaraugus, where we arrived on the evening of the 29th. On the 30th we visited the "Thomas Asylum for Orphan and Destitute Indian Children," and were highly gratified with the comfortable and neat appearance of the children, the light, cheerful, and well-arranged school-room, and the nice order in which it was kept; and, above all, with the correct behavior, bright and cheerful countenances, and successful recitations of the scholars, in the great variety of subjects upon which we heard them examined. In Mary Parker, who has charge of the school, the children have truly a "live teacher." I never witnessed the exercises of a school more efficiently conducted, and this notwithstanding the new term had but recently commenced, and all the scholars were not yet in their classes, and one of the teachers was still absent. When full, the school consists of one hundred scholars, of both sexes;—about sixty were present, boys and girls. The classes were exercised in Reading, Spelling, Geography, History, Psyiology and Anatomy; and the correctness and distinctness of their answers, the exactness with which all spoke together in those exercises, which were conducted in concert, the sprightliness of the children, and the manifest mutual confidence that existed between them and their teacher, were very gratifying to us, and highly creditable to the teacher and all concerned.

Between every two of the exercises as they occurred in succession, the children sang in concert a short and appropriate hymn, with clear, distinct voices, keeping exact time; the teacher, who was constantly on her feet, generally singing with them. Sometimes the voices, corresponding to the subject, would get low and soft, and almost die away; and *then again* they would *rise* and *swell* with strong enunciation, till the room would ring. The impress of these exercises upon the children, besides, their giving variety and recreation, was manifestly softening, civilizing and favorable.

In connection with this subject, I will relate a little circumstance which was communicated to us by Eber M. Petit, the School Agent for the State of the School District, which includes the Indian Reservations. On visiting one of the Indian schools, (not the Asylum,) the teacher, who was a female, told him that some of her scholars were frequently disposed to quarrel, and even fight, especially a large, strong boy, whom they called Tom Jimison; and she desired that he would please to try to check the evil. Accordingly in his address to the children, after they had sung some of these hymns, he referred to the fact that the larger scholars in *some* schools—he would be *willing* to *hope* it might not be so in *theirs*—would become *overbearing* and *quarrelsome*, and even want to fight. Now, said he, I would very strongly advise against all this; but if there are any such here, and you at any time feel as if you *must* fight, I wish you to remember as a preparation for the fight, to sing one of these beautiful hymns we have just heard, *first.*

The incompatability of these hymns and fighting seemed to strike the attention of all the children; and for several days, the teacher said, all proceeded harmoniously; after a time, however, Tom Jimison got into a quarrel, and stripped off his coat in a hurry, going to fight at once, when one of the little boys cried out, "Jimison, you know Mr. Petit said you must *sing* a hymn first." "Oh, yes," said Jimison, "so he did; let's sing one." So they all commenced, Jimison joining in. When they got through the hymn, Jimison went and picked up his coat, and put it on, saying "I don't feel like fighting now;" and he was never known to be in a quarrel afterwards.

Resuming my remarks about the Asylum, they had a kind of muscular exercise, all acting together led by the teacher or one of the advanced scholars, which was new to me, and impressed me very favorably, as being well calculated to give healthful exercise and strength to the muscles of the arms and chest. The children had been well drilled in the performance, and they threw a life into it. They would hold their arms simultaneously and firmly, straight *up*, straight *out*, and in a great variety of positions; and, while in these positions, turn the hand round, backward, and forward and open and close the fingers strongly in quick succession; then alternately strike their backs and their breasts with their fists, so as to give an audible hollow sound from their chests; and clap their hands in front and behind them, with a *ring.* This exercise, besides being a recreation from study, gave variety and enlivenment to school duties, and afforded a favorable opportunity for the efficient training and drilling of the children in concert of movement, thus favoring their success in reciting together. I was much pleased with it, as I was indeed, with all the performances of the teacher and children. They would have been creditable to any school of white children. When these various exercises had closed, we made an appropriate address to the children, to the best of our ability, which appeared to be very gratifying to *them* and to the teacher, and for which they unanimously passed us "a vote of thanks," with the request that I would send them a copy of some verses I recited, which I promised to do.

I may here mention that I observed some wants of the Institution, which the safety and interest of the children require should be supplied. In the additions recently made to the Asylum buildings, there are three stairways from one story to another, on which the children pass up and down every day, with a smooth board partition on each side, and nothing from top to bottom to take hold of, so that if one of the children was to make a mis-step, or receive a push, and be thrown out of balance, he or she would be in great danger of receiving serious injury. At my request, the State Agent, who saw the great propriety of something being done to increase the safety of the children, if they had the means, made an estimate of the cost of putting up a secure handrail to each flight of stairs, and I ventured to promise on behalf of the Committee that we would send him the amount. As the observing faculties of the Indians, from their superior cultivation through many successive generations, are mainly instrumental in extending their boundary of knowledge, a set of "Cutter's Anatomical Maps on Rollers" would be very useful to the children in the study of Anatomy and Physiology, and I hope to obtain one from our New York Friends.

Before leaving the subject of this Institution and Eber M. Petit, the State Agent, I will relate two other characteristic anecdotes of the Indians which he told me, as having occurred within his own knowledge. Some years ago, an Indian whom they called Blue Eyes had a remarkable large crop of fine corn, owing to the peculiar locality of his field, it being surrounded by woods, while almost all the other corn in the vicinity was destroyed by frost, so that corn was exceedingly scarce, and difficult to procure. Blue Eyes did not think it right to take advantage of this scarcity to raise the price of his corn, and he allowed those that needed to have supplies at a half dollar a bushel, which was a very low price that season. A white man, hearing that Blue Eyes was selling corn at this low price, went to him and wanted to take all he had to sell, and pay the cash for it. Blue Eyes says, "You got money, eh?" The man replied, "Yes," and made an exhibit of it from his pocket. Blue Eyes, holding up his open hand, and moving it gently towards the white man, said, "You got money; you get corn anywhere; you got money. Some people got no corn, and no money; now my corn is for *them*; you got money, you get corn anywhere;" and he would not sell him a bushel.

The other circumstance mentioned by Eber M. Petit was of an Indian who had been very intemperate, but had entirely reformed. Some years after his reformation, when riding one day beyond the Reservation, he was thrown from his vehicle, and had his arm badly broken, so that they had to send to Buffalo, some twenty-five miles, for a surgeon to set it. In the meantime, the Indian had been taken into a room of a white man's house where was a sideboard. Upon the surgeon entering the room, he went up to the sideboard, and poured something out into a glass and drank it. The Indian watching him closely; and when the surgeon went up to the bed where the Indian lay, the Indian said to him, "What that you pour out into a glass and drink?" The surgeon answered, "Whiskey; will you have a glass?" The Indian said, "You drink whiskey; *you no set my arm.*" The surgeon in attendance and others remonstrated, but the Indian persisted, repeating, "You drink whiskey; you no set my arm;" and they had to send to Buffalo for another surgeon, the poor Indian although suffering all the time, remaining firm to his purpose, and bearing his testimony faithfully, repeating emphatically, "*You drink whiskey; you no set my arm.*"

In the afternoon, we visited the Agricultural Exhibition, which greatly surpassed our expectations, in both the variety and the quality of the articles collected. Fine specimens of improved cattle, Durham, Devon, and Ayrshire, were exhibited; working oxen, steers and fat cattle; Merino, Southdown and Cotswold sheep; swine, poultry—all raised by Indians; horses for both farm and road purposes, which would have done credit to any exhibition, some of them very fast, which the Indians; who had trained them seemed to delight in exhibiting in exercise; butter, cheese, wheat bread, corn bread, Indian bread, Graham bread; pound cake, sponge cake—some of it nicely iced, such as would have set off any table; maple sugar, honey, winter wheat, spring wheat, oats, corn, barley, barley oats—a grain I had never heard of before, but which looked to be very valuable, as affording a large yield of oat meal; buckwheat, millet, timothy and clover seed, beans, and peas, all of excellent quality, and nicely prepared and put up for exhibition; apples, peaches, quinces, grapes; a great variety of nice and choice preserves; bouquets; raspberry and blackberry wine, etc., etc. The fruit department made a fine display as the past season had been very favorable for fruit in western New York, and it was very abundant and perfect.

There was a great variety of very fine potatoes, some kinds I had never seen before, being right black; also blood beets, sugar beets—very large—turnips, cabbages, cauliflowers, melons, egg plants, squashes, and every kind of garden vegetables in great variety and perfection.

The female department was well supplied with articles of domestic manufacture: coverlets of silk, cotton and wool; bed-quilts, counterpanes; embroidered work of different articles; very nicely executed knit shawls, tidys, hose, mittens, and gloves; embroidered shirts, slippers, ladies night dresses, braided night dress, bead work in very great variety and unsurpassed beauty.

The Indian mechanics exhibited a good variety of well-made farm implements; also house-doors, window sash, sleighs, sleds, gates, wooden bowls, ladles, corn baskets, baskets for sifting hominy, and a vast number of other things—and all the production of Indian men and women, our Red Brethren and Sisters! I was very highly gratified. A young white farmer present remarked that it tended to knock the *white conceit* out of him. In variety and quality of articles collected, it would have done credit to any similar county exhibition among the whites, and it gave interesting practical evidence of the great progress these people have made in agriculture and its kindred industrial pursuits; and it unmistakably demonstrates the important fact of these Indians being able to stand alone and do for themselves, and that they are capable of an indefinite advance in civilization and enlightenment.

On the morning of Tenth month 1st, our kind friend, Eber M. Petit took us to ride in his carriage of some miles through the Reservation towards the Lake, and we made some calls at the homes of Indians whom I had before known, among them Andrew John, Maris Peirce, James Peirce, Thomas Jiminson (a large man) and the mother of Amelia W. Jones, my Indian girl correspondent, whom I found with a fine pappoose (?) in her arms, having been married to a nice young man from Alleghany, whom she seemed to take great pleasure in introducing to me, appearing to be a little proud of him, as from his looks she was excusable for being.

I was much pleased to observe the great improvement in the farms generally, and the rapid advance of these Indians since my previous visit. As a general thing they are doing well, and they are teaching an important lesson to the rulers of the nation; and what a blessing it would be if this lesson were duly regarded! The State of New York, in its liberal appropriations to the schools on the Reservation, and for premiums to their Agricultural Exhibitions, has done, and is doing, a noble part by these Indians, which does credit alike to her liberality and humanity.

In the afternoon I delivered an Agricultural Address on behalf of the Committee, in accordance with the request the Indians had made. The address was well received, and appeared to give entire satisfaction. I was requested to write out the substance of my remarks for their more deliberate examination. These Indians are evidently desirous of obtaining practical information. They were very attentive to my remarks, and put some pertinent questions to me whilst I was speaking, and a number afterwards, evincing thought and inquiry. I was favored to be able to answer all their inquiries to satisfaction, and the whole passed off well. Upon being called upon, my son Henry made some appropriate remarks, encouraging them to plant shade trees and flowers, and fix up neatly around their residences, so as to increase the value as well as the beauty and comfort of their homes.

At the close of my address, I informed them of the liberality of Horace Capron, Commissioner of Agriculture, who sent to them by me fifteen volumes of Agricultural publications, and two bushels of choice seed wheat; assorted varieties, put up in sixty-four packages of a quart each, all of which I placed in the hands of the Committee having charge of the arrangements of the Exhibition, for distribution to those Indians to whom they would be of the most service. I told them I hoped to hear from the results of this seed wheat; and made a calculation for them, that, at the rate of increase of some fields near Rochester this year, forty-fold, to which I had referred in my address—this quart in the first year would produce 1 1-4 bushels, in the second 50 bushels, in the third 2,000 bushels, in the fourth 80,000 bushels, and in the fifth 3,300,000 bushels; more than sufficient to seed sixty-one Reservations as large as Cattaraugus and Alleghany together.

In the evening we were invited to a new field of labor. A Division of the Sons of Temperance had recently been formed among the Indians of Cattaraugus, which acquired additional interest from the fact, that a neighbor Indian, whose late residence was pointed out to us, had recently died from intemperance in the streets in Buffalo, in a deplorable condition; and when they heard a delegation from a Committee of the Friends was coming out, they appointed a meeting of their body to take place while we would be there; and presuming on their conviction of our willingness to aid them in what they regarded so good a cause, they ventured to announce that the "Meeting would be addressed by the Baltimore Delegation."

It was very unexpected, but on looking at the subject, we did not feel at liberty to decline their invitation to address them, and we did so to the best of our ability. The addresses were well received. They had to be interpreted into the Seneca language, as few of the Society understand English. Maris Peirce was the interpreter, and he performed his part admirably. At the close of each address, he took up point after point of the remarks, in regular succession, without missing one, as I was led to understand by a person who was acquainted with both languages, and rendered it into Seneca. In some parts he was quite eloquent, and we enjoyed a fine specimen of Indian oratory. Hitherto, when I had spoken to the Indians through an interpreter, each sentence was interpreted as I proceeded. The method pursued on the present occasion is greatly preferable; but it requires an interpreter of superior ability, and of very retentive memory. At the close of the interpretation of our remarks, John Kennedy, the President of the "Division," once addicted to intemperance, but now entirely reformed, a distinguished, influential, and wealthy Indian, made a very eloquent address to the Indians present in the Seneca language, which interested me very much, although I could not understand a word of it. Sitting by the side of the speaker and a little farther back than where he stood, I had the opportunity, unobserved by him, of watching closely the muscles and organs brought into requisition in speaking that language. The whole face appeared to be unmoved, as that of a statue. The lower jaw was entirely still, and a little separated from the upper. The lips, which in speaking our language perform such important and so great a variety of movements, are almost wholly motionless in speaking Seneca. The principal agent seemed to be the tongue, which was exceedingly active and varied in its movements, and appeared to be the organ which *broke* or *divided* the general lengthened sound into articulate words, the sounds passing principally through the nose, which gives the peculiarity to the Indian language. The *force* and *part* of the *modulation* of the sound appeared to be regulated by the chest and diaphragm, which were very active, and the lungs were kept well filled with air.

I could distinguish but five *general* or *fundamental* sounds, *eh, uh, neh, oh, heh,* all pronounced *short* and with a *quick propulsion* of the breath through the nose, and without any movement of the lips or jaw, but simply the tongue; and then, this organ, aided by the chest and diaphragm, seemed to shape these fundamental sounds into all the words of the Seneca language. This was my conclusion from Kennedy's speech. It would require much more time and study, however, to determine the point certainly. I thought the observations which I made might be of some interest to the Committee.

A vote of thanks was unanimously accorded us for our "interesting, encouraging, and instructive addresses," and we parted from them at near ten o'clock p. m. *very* tired, but gratified that we had been with them, and comforted with the feeling that we had endeavored to do what they desired, and to be serviceable to them by encouraging them in their efforts to avoid the dreadful evil of intemperance.

The next day, the 2d of the Tenth month, not wishing to witness the exhibition of horses, trotting matches, etc., etc., which was announced for that day, we felt that our labors on the Reservation were closed, and we left soon after breakfast. The parting thanks and blessing of Asher Wright and his wife being most affectionate and impressive, and long to be remembered; and the Committee, to whom they desired their love, were all included in their touching benedictions.

On behalf of the Delegation.

FAIR PLAY.

SYNOPSIS OF A LECTURE BY ANNA E. DICKINSON.

From The Boston Post.

THE closing lecture of the Old Bay State Course was delivered last evening in Music Hall, which was quite filled. A pleasing concert of vocal and instrumental music occupied the hour from 6 1-2 o'clock to 7 1-2, Miss Anna Granger officiating as vocalist and Mrs. Frohock as organist, and the applause for both was abundant and hearty. The hall was beautifully decorated with bunting and glories of flags. Miss Dickinson displayed her customary exquisite taste in the make-up of her toilet. Her subject was "Fair Play," which was treated in her usual earnest manner, but of necessity embraced many of the oft-repeated arguments, but abounded in new and apt illustrations. We present a synopsis of her remarks:

In commencing, she said Nelson was once asked by a theorist for a plan of battle upon scientific principles. His answer was, Get as near your enemy as you can, and then fight him. To-day the United States has an enemy more bitter, active and relentless, more subtle and determined, than Nelson ever found the Frenchmen, which opposes cunning to power, prejudice to argument, which saps the vitals and undermines the foundations of the republic while the outward form grows in beauty and majesty. The name of the enemy is Caste. De Gasparin wrote in 1861 that the United States had just been saved, when he saw the uprising of the people against slavery. But the antagonism still lives stronger than of old. To-day America may well sigh. Have we destroyed the lion of Southern slavery in order to be devoured by the wolf of national prejudice? Is it possible to recognize by our acts that God is no respecter of persons, and the brotherhood of man that shall be equal in the eye of earthly law, as it is in the eye and judgment of Heaven! It would seem that there is a universal prejudice in the American mind against the skin of the black man and against a drop of African blood. It is sufficient to say a man is a negro, to exclude him from every act of justice applied in every other case. The black man is robbed of his rights of every sort and kind, and the American nation is the wrong-doer. The torch of liberty, equality and fraternity is extinguished, and the torch of caste and oppression is lighted. Let us make sure that in destroying the rights of other people, we are not jeopardizing our own. Can we expect to preserve our prestige in the sight of the nations of Europe, if we cherish in our minds a prejudice more senseless and unchristain than that tolerated by any civilized power in the world? Liberty imposes obligations. Wrong, under a republic, is more infamous than wrong under an empire. The larger our professions, the closer scrutiny will be made into our acts. The greater our advantages, the stricter will be the regard of our deeds. The more liberal our inheritance, the meaner will seem our exclusion of others from it. The lecturer doubted if our nation could be called a Republic, when one-eighth of its people were ostracized, outraged and wronged because of a physical peculiarity. It is not the mechanism of laws which works out the great effects in the world. It is the spirit of the government.

In the days of Christ and the Apostles, as now, black and white men were living, black and white alike gathered about the cross and the sepulchre, and bowed their knees alike to the Lord and Master who made of one blood all men to dwell upon the face of the earth. With Him there is no respect of persons. The same commandments are laid upon all, the same judgment day is coming to all, the same eternity awaits all. This American nation has not been keeping for the last century in the full blaze of noonday light, it has been sleeping in the reflected light of liberty, shining from the shield of despotism and slavery, and the result is that we are too dim of vision to read the character, brother, when it is written upon a black skin. When the thirty-nine black members were expelled

from the Georgia Legislature, the great question was whether they were men. If so, they claimed the rights of men. Nearly five millions of Americans are turning to the remaining thirty millions and putting the same inquiry—"Are we human beings?" We claim the rights of human beings, civil, religious, educational, social and political. Are we to be made masters of them? The problem is two-fold—a question of expediency and of morality, which involves the safety and the security of republican institutions. This is the first time in the history of any nation that a human being was condemned by a government for an act committed by God himself! The important question at the Chicago Convention was not of a uniform currency, but of uniform suffrage. Had that platform contained this then, the loyal masses of the North would have supported it in November. The so-called leaders of the Republican party lacked pluck. She wished that the leaders could be dragged off from their hobbies and put into the ranks to learn the wishes of the people they lead. Comment was made upon the second, or equal suffrage, resolution of the Chicago Convention. We were told in old Democratic times that a man could be a citizen of the United States only by being a citizen of the State. This is precisely the idea that went into the second resolution. It says that the question of suffrage in the loyal States properly belongs to the people of those States, and cannot be touched by Congress. When the Southern States are restored, the question will belong to them, for it is not proposed to admit them in disloyalty.

Let us have, said the speaker, a law by the American Congress, asserting that suffrage in the United States shall be imparted wherever the flag floats and liberty is named. Great fear exists in the minds of conservative people lest the old landmarks should be beaten down. They cry out, let us have something at least, of the Union, the Constitution and the laws. Yet the Union has been broken, the Constitution amended, the laws changed in every State, and it is not safe for a man to take his stand in this time of transition, except upon the ground of eternal justice, upon a sentiment, or principle good for all time and eternity. It is the spirit of the Constitution, which is liberty, equality and fraternity, that ought to be preserved, which says that behind the Federal Government and the rights of the States are fundamental rights, more sacred—the right of the individual to life, liberty and happiness. Whatsoever retards the growth of the individual, restricts the individual and destroys his happiness, is tyranny and should be resisted to the death. Miss Dickinson next passed to the doctrine of the Constitution, which guarantees to every State a Republican form of government, and considered the powers which this provision implied. She suggested that if Massachusetts passed a law that every man not a Unitarian should be disfranchised, or Utah the same if a man was not a Mormon, or Arkansas if a man had not had a fever, no one would doubt but the leading paper of New England the *Boston Post*, (Great applause)—Miss Dickinson continued, I am not speaking sarcastically, as Artemas Ward says, when I say that, I am not speaking of its politics but of its ability when I call the *Post* the leading paper of New England, (Renewed applause),—no one would doubt, I say, but it would cry out against the silence and inaction of Congress, if the representatives of the people allowed such laws to remain on the statute books. Why should not this same paper and other papers and their supporters cry out against the distinction made against men over which they have no control? The XXXIX Congress passed the Civil Rights bill in defiance of State laws and State constitutions and said who should be citizens, and provided against the robbery of the rights of citizenship at the hands of these States. If Congress can legislate in behalf of the civil, it can also in behalf of the political, rights and powers.

The fourteenth constitutional amendment was next reviewed and the declaration made that under it every black man at the South might be disfranchised and no one would have a right to interfere, and the framers of that article and of the Chicago resolution introduced into their scheme the enfeeblement of crime. A great deal had been said about protecting these friends of ours at the South. Where are the black men to find the protection? Not in the legistatures, nor in the courts. Gen. Sickles, Gen. Thomas, and every true-speaking General who has been there asserts that the constable will not arrest, nor the judge honestly try, nor the jury convict a person for an outrage on the freedman. The black men trust to their friends at the North to see that their rights are maintained, and they will believe in your friendship until the mischief is done past all hope of reparation. The Democrats of the South are looking towards modified suffrage there, for the purpose of strengthening their party. The Chicago Convention backed iniquity for gain, but it will lose in the end. Let the Republican party not do a little for its principles and much for itself, but let it do as much good as the country can receive, and more than it desires. The lecturer urged that liberty should be taken care of, and the spirit saved will save the body. That being dead, what is there worth preserving? It was further argued that the present condition of things could not continue. The freedman would be forced to vote in the interest of his late master of necessity, unless he had some education to make his vote an intelligent vote. Unless protected, he will be the subject of tyranny, and the very worst of tyrannies that ever existed is the tyranny of race over race. The triumphs of the past should not let us sleep in the present with so much more to be gained. It is doubly necessary for us to perform the whole act of justice, since we are without excuse of ignorance. The lecture concluded with allusions to the deeds of the negroes in the war, and an aspiration that those of them who gave up their lives might behold their comrades on earth climbing the heights of justice, brotherhood and peace.

REPUBLICANISM IN SPAIN.

210 East Ninth street, Jan. 4, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

SIR: I do not know if the following noble proclamation in the *Republica Federal* of Cadiz has been reprinted here. Whether or not, it is worthy of a place in your columns, showing the true republican spirit of Spain, and as a protest against the military intriguers who are trampling down the real republican desires of the Spanish people.

Faithfully yours,
W. J. LINTON.

REPUBLICAN PROCLAMATION.

CITIZENS OF CADIZ! You are worthy of liberty. The struggle you have sustained for more than sixty hours proves it. It has been suspended, thanks to the intervention of the foreign consuls, but you are ready to recommence it with the same ardor, if the men who have spilt innocent blood do not understand that the people of Cadiz are prepared for every sacrifice rather than surrender.

We have advocated fraternity and union between the army and the people. For this reason we have been attacked by order of the military government of this city. The army would not listen to the voice of its brethren. It is not we who should be held responsible for the result.

Citizens of Cadiz! If the fire recommence; if negotiations are useless, we cannot achieve the work we have commenced with so much heroism. We must die rather than humiliate our flag. The defence of Cadiz must figure side by side with that of Saragossa and Gerona. The Spanish Republic must be established upon our dead bodies.

We have never preached extermination. Our hands shook when we fired upon those who are the instruments of our executioners, the assassins of the people; but if the object of these executioners be extermination, blood, and fire, they shall have them to their hearts' content.

If Cadiz must perish in the flames, it will perish with a shout of joy.

If Cadiz must burn, Cadiz shall burn.

The envoys of the Provisional Government know this well.

Citizens!—From the ruins of Cadiz, never doubt it, will arise the Federal Republic of Spain.

To those soldiers who are fighting against their brethren we have only one more word to say. We will receive with open arms those who may choose to fight side by side with us. Those who choose to remain in the ranks of the army shall enter the ranks of the army of the future Federal Republic. To the officers, who believe they are fighting for honor, we say honor is to be found only on the side of justice, and justice is there only where floats the flag of a people determined to be free.

Workmen of Cadiz! One of yourselves, who has fought by your side, who has witnessed your courage during this contest, your generosity towards the vanquished, addresses you a prayer, in the name of that which is dearest to you, in the name of your brethren gasping for life in the hospitals, in the name of the innocent blood we have shed. You have vanquished; you have shown to the world what the people of Cadiz can do; you have deserved well of the country. Well: do not let a single act of disorder tarnish the brightness of your victory. Continue to set an example of valor and honor. You must continue to defend the entire city, to watch over the safety of families, to defend property, with the same heroism you have shown in defending your glorious banner. You have been great during the combat, be greater still after victory.

Volunteers, workmen, our brothers! Upon your attitude the ultimate triumph depends. Upon your attitude depends the cessation of massacre. Let honesty and wisdom be your motto. No rioting—no vengeance, so unworthy of our noble sons of Cadiz. Shoulder arms in self defence, not to provoke attack, and fear no one.

The Republic means the virtue, the integrity, and the dignity of the people. Do not profane its thrice holy name.

Volunteers, workmen, brothers! *Viva* the Federal Republic of Spain! *Viva* the fraternity of the army and the people!

CADIZ, December 10th, 1868

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1869.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.—PHOTOGRAPH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WE have arranged to offer as a premium for subscribers for THE STANDARD a life-like, beautifully finished, medium-sized photograph of WENDELL PHILLIPS, made for us by a distinguished Boston artist. We have had many calls for photographs of Mr. Phillips, suitable for framing, which we have hitherto been unable to supply. We have at last a likeness of him which we pronounce eminently satisfactory, and which we think will prove to be so to his many friends by whom it will be desired. Each photograph will have also Mr. Phillips' autograph. To all our subscribers who renew their own subscriptions and remit for one new subscriber ($6); or to any one who sends us the names of two new subscribers for one year ($6), we will forward, post paid, a copy of Mr. Phillips' photograph, the retail price of which is $2.50.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will take place at Boston, in Horticultural Hall, on Friday, January twenty-ninth, at 10 o'clock, a. m., and continuing through the day and evening.

The pressing emergency of the hour and the vital question now in debate will, we trust, gather all the friends and members of the Society and all interested in the negro race to this meeting. The National action of the next six months will go far toward deciding the fate of our question for some years, for Grant's adminstration and perhaps for that of his successor. Gather then, and make the best use of this opportunity.

The following friends will address the meeting: WENDELL PHILLIPS, Rev. GILBERT HAVEN, AARON M. POWELL, STEPHEN S. FOSTER, ABBY K. FOSTER, Mrs. F. E. W. HARPER, CHARLES W. SLACK, Esq; and it is hoped that Rev. SAMUEL JOHNSON, Mrs. CORA L. V. DANIELS, RICHARD T. GREENER, W. J. LINTON, and WILLIAM WELLS BROWN, will also be present and take part in the debates.

J. T. SARGENT, President.

C. K. WHIPPLE, Secretary.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE managers of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY summon their friends to another effort in behalf of that race for whose welfare so many years' labor has been given. This Thirty-fifth Anniversary will be held in Horticultural Hall, Boston, on Thursday, January 28th, 1869. The aim, as heretofore, will be to give the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY the means to continue its operations, and especially to sustain the publication of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

We summon our friends to what it seems possible that a united and vigorous exertion may make the last effort.

All the signs of the times promise that, if the radicals are faithful to their hour, there will be grafted into the National Constitution a clause prohibiting the States from making any reference to race or color in their laws. Then the first great pledge of the Anti-Slavery movement will be fulfilled. The social prejudice, bitter and cruel as it is, only time can destroy. The manifold evils that afflict the colored race, born of Slavery may not, perhaps, be removed in our day.

But we pledged ourselves never to rest until all legal disabilities were removed. With rare unanimity the press of the Nation and Congress itself move toward this consummation. The long tossed vessel nears the port. One united effort and we may anchor beyond all future peril. This opportunity lost may never, or not for a very long time, return. The toleration of Johnson has lost us an opportunity which no future time will restore. We have not merely lost four years. We shall never stand again able to save and to guard as perfectly as we could have done in 1865. What we have lost in treasure, blood and possibility is gone forever. This experience warns us to the sternest fidelity to-day.

It is said that the incoming President wishes this question settled before he assumes the Government. By one decisive effort, gathering into itself all possible influences—all agreed—we can gratify his wish before the 1st of March, and put the capstone to the brave toil of near forty years.

Let us then omit no effort that can possibly help to mature and intensify the Nation's purpose. The loyal men of the rebel States claim this of us. To them the South is anarchy and a field of blood. If the great opportunity of 1865 could have been seized, much of this would have been prevented. Now time and great social changes alone can put a complete end to these horrors. All we can do is to inform and ripen such a public opinion as will move the incoming Administration to the most prompt and effective interference. We ask, therefore, once more, for the means to extend the circulation of THE STANDARD, and press, by that and other instrumentalities, this duty on the conscience of the Nation.

Refreshments *will be for sale* at the Festival, and those friends who wish to make contributions for this purpose will find Horticultural Hall open, and some of the Committee there to receive their gifts any time after 10 o'clock on the day of the Festival.

Donations may be sent to R. P. HALLOWELL, No. 98 Federal street, Boston, Mass., or to any of the managers resident in Boston

LYDIA MARIA CHILD, Wayland, Mass.
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL, Boston, Mass.
ABBY KELLEY FOSTER, Worcester, Mass.
LUCRETIA MOTT, Pennsylvania,
LIDIAN EMERSON, Concord, Mass.
ELIZABETH GAY, Staten Island, N. Y.
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EMILY HOWLAND, New York.
SUSAN SISSON, Pawntucket. R. I.
LYDIA MOTT, Albany, N. Y.
PHEBE H. JONES, Albany, N. Y.
MARTHA HUDSON, New York.
MARY H. HALLOWELL, Rochester, N. Y.
AMY POST, Rochester, N. Y.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

WHERE is the Constitutional Amendment? Has Congress forgotten it, or is there an intent to baulk the people's wish? This delay is alarming. By this time, one House, at least, might have disposed of the question. With proper speed it might have been still further advanced—might have been already on its way to the State Legislatures. We see this dilatoriness with great anxiety. Other measures may, without any great harm, be postponed. But every hour's delay here is dangerous. The nation is floating further and further from that keen sense of the meaning of the war which alone gives us any good hope of reaping from that dread ordeal all it really produced for us. The friends of impartial liberty make a sad mistake if they let public attention wander to finance and other matters of industrial reconstruction, until this is settled.

We know Mr. SUMNER's opinion that the country may safely trust to a "Political Rights Bill," such as he offers. His judgment on any matter connected with this question is entitled to the profoundest respect. All men, capable of judging, will agree, of course, in what is trite and a mere truism, that his opinion on a question of Constitutional law is entitled to more consideration and is far more valuable than that of any other member of Congress or than any decision we are likely to get, for the next dozen years, from the Supreme Bench.

But while this is indisputably true, still we must remember that Constitutional law in this country, practically is, not what lawyers decide, but what the masses can be made to see and accept. Now no one will deny that, relative to such a bill as Mr. SUMNER offers, there will inevitably be great difference of opinion. Many will hold that Congress has no authority to pass such a bill. No argument, no weight of authority will dispel such doubts. Hence, should we relax our demand for an Amendment, the probability is that Mr. SUMNER's Bill would fail to get the two-thirds needed to carry it over the inevitable Veto. Of course we know what its fate would be if it ever reached the hands of our pliant time-server, the Chief Justice. Fortunately, once enacted, it does not seem possible that even his apostacy and morbid ambition could so far mislead him as to make him trample on all the precedents and attempt to rejudge a decision of Congress on a political issue. Though, after last July, it is venturesome to say that any subserviency is beyond his capacity of baseness.

The difficulty, we believe, would be that, once let the people relax in their demand, and everything timid, everything reactionary, everything disloyal in Congress would rally to aggravate Constitutional scruples, and to pretend doubts till even Mr. SUMNER's measure would be lost. We deem it wiser, therefore, to adhere to the present policy, staking all on the success of the Amendment. Better be defeated on that than on anything else. The popular soldier may cry "Peace." But every sensible man knows there will be no Peace till this *race* quarrel is taken out of the political arena. CHATHAM said "Thank God America has resisted." In the same mood we say "Thank Heaven there can be no prosperity, no profitable business, no easy times for labor and business men till the Negro's rights are secured."

Mr. SUMNER taught us years ago that "nothing is settled till it is settled right"—a noble and comforting maxim. No cuckoo words can bring peace. Only justice can be mother of that blessed child. We have no extra trust in Mr. GRANT's knowledge of the indispensable preliminaries to Peace. The past has not taught us to look to soldiers for such statesmanship. Our American Shakespeare told us, twenty years ago, of the soldier—

> "Peace will not brook to have
> Her snowy pages turned rudely
> By his crimson-smutching hands."

The herd may forget this old wisdom. We still doubt the probability of gathering grapes from thorns. Hence we desire most earnestly to press on Congress the instant importance of this measure. And if Gen. GRANT's friends wish to show to the country, either his wisdom or his good inclinations, we exhort them to induce him to break this affected and, for one in his place, childish reticence, by a voice urging this measure; assuring him and them that it is not only as important as economy (!) but is, itself, the surest and greatest economy.

How thoroughly American, (in the worst sense of the name, during our worst times), is an obstinate silence during two such eventful years as those just closed, broken at last only to cry out, "Oh! do save the money!" PATRICK HENRY's patriot crying "Beef! Beef! Pay me for my beef!" in Washington's starving camp is the next best thing to it in history.

But nothing could give us sincerer delight than to have the President elect throw himself so energetically and successfully into this effort that we should be obliged to believe in him and take back all the doubts we have ever expressed in regard to him.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

We invite attention to the excellent article by the Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, entitled "Industrial Reconstruction," which we reprint from *The Woman's Advocate*. This aspect of the "Woman Question" is one of great importance, and it is very happily presented by Mrs. Blackwell.

The capacity of the Indian for civilization is a subject rapidly increasing in importance in the public mind. We publish on our first page, from *The Friends' Intelligencer*, an interesting report recently submitted to the Baltimore Yearly Meeting of Friends, bearing upon this question, to which we invite attention.

One of the very best of our western exchanges is *The Christian Radical*, published at Springfield, Ohio, and edited by Rev. Daniel Schindler, assisted by Rev. G. P. Weaver. It is a quarto sheet, handsomely printed, and it presents weekly many interesting original articles, and choice literary miscellany. Its tone is excellent in relation to the rights of the proscribed colored people, and its fidelity in advocating their full and complete enfranchisement contrasts very favorably with the average of so-called religious newspapers. It deserves a large subscription list.

On Friday evening of last week a public meeting in behalf of the Cretans was held at the Cooper Institute in this city. Though the attendance was not as large as could have been desired, the meeting was important and of an influential character, William Cullen Bryant presided, and delivered an excellent address. Addresses were also delivered by Rev. Dr. Bellows, Rev. Dr. Crosby, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Hon. Stewart L. Woodford, and others. Resolutions of sympathy and encouragement for the Cretans were adopted and measures were inaugurated to raise funds, for their relief. The committee have since issued an Appeal which we shall print next week.

The House of Representatives voted very unwisely, on Monday last, to repeal the Tenure-of-Office Act. We trust the repeal movement will not carry in the Senate. With the apparently insurmountable difficulty in the way of impeaching a President, the limitation of his powers is rendered highly important. *Harper's Weekly* for January 16, contains an able editorial article opposing the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office Act, which concludes as follows:

"The Civil Tenure bill was passed because the conduct of President Johnson had revealed how great a peril lurked in a custom which was becoming traditional. Is it wise to remove a defence against a plain peril in the Executive office because the next incumbent of that office is universally trusted? General Grant may possibly be President as long as he lives, and as long as he lives nobody has any reason to suppose that he would be less worthy of confidence than now. But the regulation of the executive power is not a question of men, however beloved and trusted; it is question of the national welfare."

The Delaware Tribune publishes an interesting account of a meeting held in Wilmington, Del., called by the colored people to celebrate the Emancipation Proclamation. The meeting was largely attended, and addresses were delivered by Prof. William Howard Day, Mr. W. Layton, Dr. Cameron and others. Among the resolutions adopted were the following:

Resolved, That, whereas, in the year that has just past, our esteemed friend, and the friend of humanity, the late Thaddeus Stevens, passed to his reward, we hereby record our gratitude for his many noble efforts in behalf of our race and nation, and earnestly trust that the same good spirit that made him eminently distinguished as a National Councillor, will animate and direct his surviving associates, in Congress, to secure the establishment of our government, on principles of justice to all citizens alike, irrespective of race, color, or previous condition.

Resolved, That while we unite our thanksgivings, for the measure of freedom that we now enjoy, we would not be unmindful of the long and faithful services of our dear friend, Thomas Garrett, whose efforts on our behalf, have justly merited our eternal gratitude.

In the House of Representatives, on Monday, Mr. BOUTWELL, from the Judiciary Committee, reported a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and a bill declaring who may vote for Electors of President and Vice-President and for Representatives to Congress, which were ordered to be printed, and which he gave notice he would call up for discussion and action in the course of a week or ten days.

Section 1 of the proposed amendments to the Constitution provides that the right of any citizen of the United States shall not be denied or abridged by the United States in any State by reason of race, color, or previous condition of slavery, by any citizen or class of citizens of the United States.

Section 2 gives Congress power to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of the first article. The first section of the bill provides that no person shall be deprived of the privilege of voting for Electors of President, Vice-President, Representatives in Congress, and members of the State Legislature by reason of race, color, etc. The second and third sections of the bill provides punishment for persons who interfere with the exercise of that privilege. The fourth section provides imprisonment at hard labor for two years for any person who holds office in violation of the third section of the fourteenth article of amendment to the Constitution, and subjects him to indictment at any time within ten years. The fifth amendment gives to the Courts of the United States exclusive jurisdiction of all offences against the act.

Mr. GEORGE W. SMALLEY, who is now in Spain as the representative of *The Tribune*, has written two very interesting letters, which have been published, reviewing the situation in Spain. These afford a better idea of the actual condition and prospects of the Republican cause in Spain than any accounts hitherto given to the public, and they will be read with much interest in this country. We quote the following introductory paragraph from his account of the Cadiz outbreak, dated Madrid, December 24th:

"It is now three weeks since the affair of Cadiz, yet the influence of that very remarkable incident is every day more strongly felt. In more than one sense it was a crisis in Spanish politics; it may yet prove to have been *the* crisis of the revolution. The English and French papers have treated it as a triumph over the Republicans. It was, in truth, the first revelation of the force and courage of the Republican sentiment. I know not how fully the story may, by this time, have been told, but the first approach to a true account—of the facts, not of the meaning of the facts—was published in Paris only a week ago, and not even in Madrid is the real history generally known. It is not known why an event seemingly isolated, and followed by no open acts of resistance elsewhere, should have changed the policy of the Government, have consolidated the Republican strength as if by magic, ruined the hopes of one kingly candidate; diminished the chances of the monarchy itself, and secured such a Republican victory in the elections of last week as amazed the Republicans themselves. Without repeating the general facts, which must be familiar to you, I will narrate so much of the interior history of the movement as will explain why an apparent defeat of the Republicans was, in fact, a victory of the utmost worth."

We print elsewhere a very earnest Republican Proclamation from *The Republica Federal*, to which we invite attention.

THE SUBSCRIPTION FESTIVAL.

BOSTON, January 10th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I feel impelled by my sympathies to say a word in behalf of the Ladies' THIRTY-FIFTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY, the Call for which you have already published, and which is to be held here on the 28th inst.

As a genial, annual auxiliary to the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY and its ever welcome organ, your paper, such a Festival richly deserves all the encouragement which is asked for it. Who can look at that list of forty or fifty noble women whose names are appended to this call and fail to obey it? Who can doubt that THE STANDARD *must* go forward when upheld by such hands! And when I add that, on that occasion, we are to have not only the clarion call of addresses by WENDELL PHILLIPS and JOHN WEISS, but, commingling therewith the silvery harmonies of poesy and recitation by Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE who has so thrilled us by her "Battle Hymn of the Republic," I am quite sure we shall have a goodly gathering of true men and women with their encouragement and "God speed," and that they will be no less faithful in attendance the *next* day at the MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY to which this will be so pleasant a preliminary. "*Verbum Sat Sapientibus!*"

Yours truly,
JOHN T. SARGENT.

LETTER FROM L. MARIA CHILD.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I HAVE alluded the Free Religious Association as one of the most promising features of the time, and the Social Science Associations seem to me no less so. It is a cause for profound thankfulness that we live to see the time when men of all sects meet to discuss the cure of inebriates, the treatment of the insane, the means of preventing licentiousness, the management of prisons, the government of schools, the employments of women, the laws of health, the influence of literature and the fine arts, and other topics intimately connected with the mental and moral progress of society. What an improvement is this upon the dreary nonsense with which theologians have bewildered the minds of men in all ages and countries! If a thousandth part of the research and ingenuity thus wasted had been applied to questions of social progress, how much farther advanced the world would have been by this time! But society has gone on blundering through all manner of sins of ignorance, while its clerical teachers were disputing concerning imputed righteousness and our responsibility for the sin of Adam. It has taken about as long for theology to give place to common sense, as it did for the icthyosaurus to give place to man. But, through all impediments, the world has always been moving onward, though slowly; and it is our good fortune to live at a period when its velocity is so accelerated that progress becomes perceptible to the most casual observers. Probably theology has done somewhat to help its onward movement, or it would not have been permitted to play so conspicuous a part in the great programme of man's mysterious existence; but I confess I am unable to perceive the use it has performed.

That remark reminds me of Mrs. Abigail Folsom, whom some wag called the "flea of Conventions." Poor woman! Her heart and conscience were right, but there was a flaw in her brain, and consequently she was a great pester in reformatory meetings; particularly, as her leading propensity was to seize every idea that was presented, and carry it immediately in her thought to its remotest possible form, and then insist, with unyielding pertinacity, that it should be thus embodied, then and there, on the instant. She had another habit which the world generally considers a mark of insanity; she said right out whatever she thought. I was once at an Anti-Slavery meeting where the unfortunate G. W. F. Mellen was trying to excite interest in a caricature he wished to publish in the form of a Liberty Tree, with some deadly creature destroying it at the root. He began by saying, "In the year 1838, I called upon an engraver, explained my design of the Liberty Tree, and asked him what he would charge to engrave it." Mr. Mellen went on explaining the significance of various parts of his Liberty Tree, repeating what he said to the engraver, and what the engraver said to him. The audience grew restless, and, at last, some one rose and said, "I don't see that the gentleman is speaking to the Resolution." "I shall come to that, by and by," replied Mr. Mellen; and he began again at the beginning, "In the year 1838, I called upon an engraver," etc. He had got but little beyond what he had previously said, when another person rose and inquired, "Have the gentleman's remarks anything to do with the Resolution that is before the meeting?" "I will show the connection, by-and-by," replied Mr. Mellen; and he began again at the beginning, "In the year 1838," etc. He had not proceeded far, before several voices called out, "Is the gentleman in order?" Mr. Mellen grew red and appealed to the chairman, Francis Jackson, assuring him that he was coming to the connection between the Resolution and his Liberty Tree by-and-by. After some confusion and remonstrance, it was decided that he should proceed; so he began again at the beginning, "In the year 1838," etc. The audience, thinking patience was the best way of arriving at the end, remained silent while he went on explaining the various branches of his Liberty Tree. One of them was in some way connected with a remark of Daniel Webster's concerning the Constitution of the United States. Abigail Folsom, who had been growing more and more restless, here sprung up on one of the seats of the pew, turned toward him, and snapping her fingers contemptuously, exclaimed, "I don't care *that* for Daniel Webster, or the Constitution either! You have taken up a great deal of time in this meeting talking about your Liberty Tree, and you may *have* an idea, sir, but I don't *perceive* it."

If, in an evil hour, curiosity tempts me to glance at theological controversy, I soon turn from it with an inward repetition of Abigail Folsom's remark. And in proportion to my distaste for such labors is the interest I feel when I see clergymen coming forward to grapple manfully with the evils of their time. The young West, always prompt to seize new truths and embody them in action, has lately been discussing Social Science at Chicago. I was glad to see Dr. Edward Beecher joining in the work. I cherish espgecial gratitude and reverence for that gentleman. We all remember that his father, "old Dr. Beecher," as he is generally called, prohibited the discussion of slavery at Lane Seminary, saying to the students who left in consequence, "Your principles are right, boys, and I shall be with you by-and-by." But there was no such holding back till a "more convenient season" on the part of his son Edward. He held up the hands of Elijah P. Lovejoy, in Missouri, and preached undiluted Anti-Slavery at the time of his cruel murder by the Alton mob; thereby putting his own life in imminent peril. At a later period, he has again shown that he is one of those whose hand "directs a forthright plough, and makes his furrow broad." When his more celebrated brother, Henry Ward Beecher (who in some respects seems to be one of the Lord's unaccountables) exerted his influence to sustain Andy Johnson, his brother Edward rebuked him faithfully and openly in the newspapers. The sincerity and independence of that letter reminded me of the bold bravery of Paul when he withstood Peter to his face. And now this good and true man is giving a helping hand to further the advancement of Social Science in the West. And when some differences of opinion threatened a squall in the meeting, he poured oil on the waves, and won all hearts by his gentleness and urbanity. "What a jolly old angel he is!" exclaimed Robert Collyer, who is theologically far apart from him. Really, such things give refreshing assurance that we have left the Inquisition far behind us. Pio Nono invites us all to return to the fold of the Catholic church, that we may "enjoy that peace which can only be experienced when the church is one and indivisible." A delightful season of peace the world enjoyed, to be sure, when the church kept itself indivisible by means of thumb-screws, racks, and *autos da fé!* A far truer church it seems to me where Doctor Edward Beecher and Rev. Robert Collyer are acting together for the diminution of crime and the increase of human happiness. And I rejoice to see that kindly feelings are not penned up within human limits. The comfort and healthy development of animals is now attracting general attention, and societies are formed in several of our cities to prevent cruelty to the brute creation. It is a wise and noble work, and its operation will be still more beneficial to the spirit of man than to the poor, helpless "dumb creatures of God," which are subject to his will.

L. MARIA CHILD.

PERSONAL.

GEN. ROUSSEAU, commander of the Texas and Louisiana military district, died at New Orleans on Friday last, of inflammation of the bowels.

A friend, [in a letter dated Marleboro', Mass., writes: "Miss Holley had a fine, large meeting here last Sunday, and took a collection of $35.50. Several new subscribers for THE STANDARD were procured."

Frederick Douglass, Esq., will lecture on Monday evening, Jan. 18th, at the Cooper Institute, for the benefit of the Tennessee Manual Labor University. Subject, "William The Silent." The Hon. Frederick A. Conkling will preside.

Anna E. Dickinson gave her new lecture, Fair Play (a synopsis of which, as delivered in Boston, we print elsewhere), to a large audience at the Cooper Institute on Tuesday evening last. The lecture was for the benefit of the "Home foAged Persons" of this city.

James Redpath, who is one of the most successful of American newspaper writers, tells those who aspire to see their ideas in print that "the great secret of successful newspaper writing consists largely in the mastery of the difficult arts of beginning and leaving off. To excel, you must write an article as you take a plunge-bath in winter,—jump in, all over, instantly, and out again, and off without wasting a sentence or a syllable."

Dr. Holbrook, Editor of *The Herald of Health*, read a very interesting paper on "Fruit as Food" before the Fruit Grower's Club of this city (Dr. J. E. Snodgrass presiding) on Thursday afternoon, the 7th instant. Dr. R. T. Hollock on the 24th ult, before the same Club read an amusing and instructive paper, given in full in *The Sun* of Jan. 2d, upon "The Rural Experiences of City Folk."

A rival to "blind Tom" is said to be found in the person of Ellen Jones, a negro girl eighteen years old, born in Hinds County, Mississippi. She does not know a single note, and cannot spell the simplest word. She was a house servant, and as such was allowed to play on the piano. She can play any piece, however difficult, after once hearing it, and her performance is spoken of as little short of marvellous, combining accuracy, delicacy of touch and brilliancy of execution.

The (Philadelphia) *Morning Post* of the 4th instant says: "Mrs. Lucretia Mott completed her seventy-sixth year, yesterday. She was to have met her friends at Race street Meeting. We are glad to know that Mrs. Mott retains her health, and that a large measure of usefulness may yet be expected of her."

We understand that Mrs. Mott did attend Race street Meeting, as expected, and that she preached a very interesting discourse. Her continued good health her numerous friends will be rejoiced to learn.

The Boston correspondent of *The Quincy* (Ill.) *Whig* (Mrs. Ella Davis Rockwood) writes: "Robert Moris, Jr., a colored boy of twenty-one, has just graduated with the two highest gold medals at the "Imperial College" in the south of France. His father, Robert Moris, Esq., was the first black man admitted to the Bar in the United States. Young Robert excelled in the classics, and in German, Italian and French, as well as Hebrew, Greek and Latin. The first medal was for oratory and rhetoric. He is now spending a year at a Catholic college in the north of England to perfect himself in English literature. Rather a hard nut this—for negrophobia to crack—isn't it?

The *Windham County* (Conn.) *Transcript* says:

"Miss Sallie Holley gave an excellent lecture in the Congregational church on Wednesday of last week upon 'Temperance and Justice to the Freedmen.' She has for many years been laboring under the auspices of the American Anti-Slavery Society. It is rare that we have a public address in behalf of humanity, more earnest, eloquent, able, and pervaded with a more true Christian spirit, and consequently more effective than her discourse on this occasion. There was a fair audience, and all were pleased, and we should judge contributed generously for the object. All truly and cheerfully conceded a 'woman's right' to lecture in that cause at least, and went far to remove prejudice against female lecturers and 'woman's rights' generally."

At the late municipal election in Lynn, Mass., our friend James N. Buffum, well known and highly esteemed as a pioneer and an efficient co-worker in the Anti-Slavery movement, was chosen Mayor. The inauguration of the new city government took place on Monday, the 4th inst. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Samue Johnson, minister of the Free Church, after which Mayor Buffum delivered his inaugural address. It of course relates chiefly to matters of local interest, but is replete with hints and recommendations looking to the improvement of the city and the promotion of the educational, moral and material welfare of all the citizens. Mr. Buffum concludes his excellent address as follows:

"In conclusion, allow me to say, it is a good maxim, 'aim high and thus secure all you possibly can, however short your success may fall of your endeavor.' Let us carry this rule into our civil life—aim to make our city a home to men of leisure, a convenience and a great opportunity to the busy, safe to the rich, just and beneficent to the poor, a light to ignorance, and a blessing to all.

"The world goes forward at a rate no other age has ever seen, and our nation rises in power to throw off evil institutions and improve the condition of the masses every day. Within the period of our own lives, we have accomplished more for human improvement than many generations that have preceded us. New inventions abridging the hours of labor are coöperating with a sense of justice and a better knowledge of the true relations of capital and labor to give to the working men leisure for self-culture. Steam has almost annihilated time and space, and is now bringing nations together as neighbors who were before strangers, doing much to remove prejudice and bringing about a more perfect union of the friends of progress and reform. The great conflicts with cruel despotisms, which are going on in the old worlds, and the glorious triumphs which everywhere attend the efforts of the friends of civil and religious liberty, ought to inspire us with zeal and hope for the perfect equality of man the world over.

"Above all, the great example of justice in our own land, by which every man is made a citizen, and at last the sublime pledge of our Declaration of Independence is fulfilled, ought to nerve us to ceaseless efforts till impartial liberty blesses every man on the soil—while fair wages and ample leisure bring comfort to his roof, education to his child, and lift the man himself into a life worthy an intellectual and an immortal being."

We sincerely hope that "the sublime pledge of our Declaration of Independence" *is soon to be* fulfilled—for that auspicious day we must needs yet "labor and wait."

We observe that the new Common Council of Lynn contains two members of the Society of Friends (beside Mr. Buffum, who was a Friend transplanted into Mr. Johnson's Free Church), viz.: Owen Dame, of Ward Four, and N. Mortimer Hawks, of Ward Five.

The following correspondence between the National Society for Women's Suffrage and John Stuart Mill has been published in the London papers of the 23d ult.:—

EDINBURG BRANCH OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE, NEWINGTON HOUSE, Dec. 1st, 1868.

DEAR SIR—On behalf of the above society I write to say that we feel, both individually and as a committee, so much indebted to you for what you have done for us and for our case that we could not hear of the result of the Westminster election without feelings of the deepest regret and we trust you will not deem it intrusive if we venture to express the disappointment we felt at an event which came upon as a great blow, when we were trusting to your influence in this new parliament to advance the question of women's suffrage.

Our feelings of pain and regret were not, however, confined to considerations connected with our own cause.

We regretted still more that any constituency could have rejected one of such high powers of thought and great attainments. We fear, because of your fearless protest against injusice to a race too long down-trodden by almost every nation, as evinced by the great moral courage you displayed, along with Mr. P. A. Taylor, in the prosecution of Governor Eyre—an act for which an enlightened posterity may regard you even more highly than for your eminent intellectual endowments.

We feel that, whether in or out of Parliament, your talents will be actively and conscientiously employed in the promotion of such objects as you have felt it your duty to keep on heretofore, so that no constituency or section of men can hinder, by any one act of theirs, the advance of truth and justice.

Rejoicing in this belief, and hoping you will kindly accept the sincere expression of our gratitude and sympathy, I am, dear sir, yours sincerely,

PRISCILLA MCLAREN, President.

AVIGNON, Dec. 12th, 1868

DEAR MADAM—Few things could be more gratifying to me than the letter with which I have been honored by you and your committee, and I beg you to accept and to convey to the committee my warmest acknowledgments.

Of all my recollections connected with the House of Commons, that of my having had the honor of being the first to make the claim of women to the suffrage a Parliamentary question is the most gratifying, as I believe it to have been the most important public service that circumstances made it in my power to render. This is now a thing accomplished, and the cause has a sufficient number of supporters among the best men in the House of Commons to carry on as much of the contest as can be conducted there. It remains for the intelligent women of the country to give their moral support to the men who are engaged in urging their claims, and to open the minds of the less intelligent to the fact that political freedom is the only effectual remedy for the evils which most women are conscious that women suffer. Whatever power I may have to promote this cause outside the House of Commons I shall not fail to exert to the uttermost.

Your expressions of sympathy with my feelings and approbation of my conduct on the subject of the Jamaica atrocities are peculiarly grateful to me; for it has been with especial sorrow that I have, seen so many women cold and unmoved at the recital of sufferings which it might have been supposed would at least have aroused some womanly pity and generous indignation against the perpetrators. It is peculiarly among women who are not aware that it is their duty to use their intelligence on matters of politics that the severest condemnation of Mr. Eyre and his instruments should have been found; for if such women had possessed the warmth of heart which all women ought to have their feelings would have been revolted at the tortures inflicted, and they would have considered the reasonings by which these were attempted to be palliated as beyond their province. As it is, the conduct of so many among them has afforded one more evidence that the renunciation of masculine intelligence gives no security for woman kindness. I am, dear Madam, very sincerely yours,

J. S. MILL.

Mrs. MCLAREN, Newington House, Edinburg.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, January 10th, 1869.

WE have just had here a fresh discussion of the oft-discussed question—What was the main idea of our Pilgrim fathers in leaving the civilization of the old world, and settling themselves on the bleak and barren shore of New England? This matter came up in the second of a course of lectures now in progress by members of the Massachusetts Historical Society, delivered under the auspices of the Lowell Institute, and thus free to all comers, as far as the capacity of their hall will allow. The purpose is to treat of the principal events and actors in the early history of this State; and Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis, who gave the second lecture, explained that his comments were to be made on the colony of Massachusetts Bay, as distinguished from the Old Colony of Plymouth.

History and poetry have united to assure us that those Pilgrims came here for "freedom to worship God;" and this is true; but the commentators, historical as well as poetical, on this text, have often amplified it into the utterly incorrect statement that they came to vindicate the human rights of free thought and expression in religious matters, and that such religious freedom as we now enjoy is their bequest, founded by their labors, and transmitted to us by their purpose and intent.

The fact is, as Dr. Ellis proceeded to make plain, that the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay wanted, above all things, a place where their own liberty of conscience should be free to suppress, exclude and bar out, all ideas diverse from theirs. They regarded our present theory and practice of religious freedom as dangerous and dreadful. They were deadly enemies of free thinking and free speaking. Recognizing in the natural man a totally depraved being, they did not acknowledge any natural conscience, but set up a compulsory education of the conscience of the whole community after their pattern; and this pattern was the Bible, especially the Old Testament.

It is very curious that Dr. Ellis, the representative of a sect which, had it existed at that time, would have received the sternest condemnation of the Puritans, and whose ministers would have been scourged, fined, imprisoned and banished for claiming *their* freedom of conscience—should defend the conduct of those Puritans; yet so it is. He admits that their experiment was a blunder, and its failure an advantage to mankind. He admits that their attempt to form and administer a commonwealth in which all civil and religious affairs should be regulated by members of one order of churches, including with especial emphasis the disfranchisement and persecution of members of all other churches, is now rightfully classed among visionary fancies, follies and errors. Yet he maintains that the experiment deserved to be tried; that they had a right to try it; and that it was one of the noblest of the schemes which men have undertaken. As compared with the schemes of St. Simon, of Fourier, of Owen, Dr. Ellis thinks it was "sublime." As if this "experiment"—of compelling other people to adopt your views in matters of religion—had not been often enough tried already, and proved impracticable as well as abominable, by the experience of Pagans, Jews, Catholics, Protestants and Mussulmans! As if their "charter," of proprietorship of land, *could* give them authority over the consciences of all who lived on that land! As if their own claim of deference to the teachings of the Bible was properly carried out by an entire ignoring of the better features of that book, while double stress was laid upon its worse ones; by utter disregard of brotherly love, while they rigidly enforced the laws against witchcraft and Sabbath-breaking! As if the ruling idea of the Puritans (which was, essentially, "God bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more, Amen,") could for a moment be compared in nobleness of aim and comprehensive benevolence to the schemes of those men who sought to work out "liberty, equality and fraternity" for all mankind!

To say these things is not to bestow severe condemnation upon the Puritan leaders. They acted up to their light, no doubt, even in the matters where we now find them to have acted erroneously; and there would be no need of now making unfavorable comment upon their action, but for the fact that some people are still striving to carry out their idea, and that we still hear occasional eulogies of that idea as right, noble and sublime.

We have had a good deal of fine music in Boston this winter, and now a season of German and Italian opera has begun, with a promise of French opera yet to come. But the great musical event now talked about is so great, that the details of preparation for it will occupy us till the middle of next summer. In short, the leader of one of our bands here has conceived the gigantic idea of holding a three days' musical festival at that time, of erecting for that purpose on the Common an immense structure with wooden walls and canvass roof, capable of accommodating 50,000 people, while they listen to an orchestra of 1,000 performers, and a chorus of 20,000 voices.

On the first day, Tuesday, the 15th of June, the Festival will begin with prayer and the delivery of addresses, including "A congratulatory National address on the restoration of peace and union throughout the land." The musical performance will then open with "the national anthem, Hail Columbia," performed with such a *crescendo* movement as the great Conductor Jullien never dreamed of; for the 1,000 instruments and the 20,000 voices are to be enforced in the second verse by the chiming of all the bells in the city, (rung by electricity from the music stand), and further emphasized in the third verse by the firing of cannon, electrically touched off in the same manner.

On the second day, Wednesday, a grand programme of classical music, Symphony and Oratorio, is to be given, when will be brought together, by the union of all the musical societies in New England, "the greatest Oratorio Chorus ever assembled either in Europe or America." These will perform some of the grandest choruses by Handel and Mendelssohn, and also join in the 9th or Choral Symphony of Beethoven.

On the third and last day, June 17th, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, patriotic and military music will be given, the programme consisting of pieces more popular and familiar than the preceding.

The author of this gigantic scheme wishes it to be known as "The Great National Peace Jubilee and Musical Festival." He will invite to it the President of the United States, members of his Cabinet, members of Congress, heads of Departments, and the Governors of all the States. He has already opened a subscription-book for season-tickets, and he has letters of approval and congratulation from eminences of all sorts, musical, financial, political and ecclesiastical. Most wonderful of all, the profits of this gigantic undertaking are "to be distributed among all the cities and towns throughout the country, for the relief of the distressed widows and orphans of those who fell during the Rebellion."

Let us hope that Peace and Union, *and* JUSTICE *too*, will have been established throughout the land by the time this great Festival arrives.

NORTH.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, January 11th, 1869.

THE Republican members of the Legislature of Pennsylvania have nominated John Scott as their candidate for United States Senator, to succeed Mr. Buckalew after the fourth of March. Perhaps you have never heard of Mr. Scott, and will be curious to know who he is. I can give you but little information concerning him. Few people here know anything whatever about him. I must confess, however discreditable the fact may be, that till within a fortnight I have not known that such a man existed. This ignorance may be unpardonable, but I have the satisfaction of knowing that others, better versed in matters pertaining to our State politics, are equally uninformed, and as ready as any of us to inquire about the hitherto unknown John Scott, who thus leaps, at a single bound, from the comparative obscurity of his country home, into the United States Senate at Washington.

He who becomes so suddenly arrayed with Senatorial honors, accoutred with the dignities of the high position, and surrounded by its varied and important responsibilities for the term of six years, is a citizen of Huntingdon County, away out in the shadow of the Alleghenies. He is a lawyer, and is called "a distinguished member of the bar of Huntingdon," and favored with an extensive practice. He is said to be an excellent debater, and possessed of talent as a public speaker. Up to the period of the late rebellion he was a member of the Democratic party, but has since acted with the Republicans. The fact of his having been at one time a member of the legislature is no specially favorable endorsement, for some of the meanest and most commonplace men in the State sometimes get there with the utmost facility. Enough of them are there now. Whether a wise thing has been done in selecting Mr. Scott is yet to be revealed. *The Press* exults that "the Republicans of Pennsylvania are *at last* to have a conscientious statesman in the Senate—one competent to defend great principles with credit to himself and his constituents." "At last!" This is rather harsh towards Simon Cameron, the present Republican Senator, and a sly reflection upon that gentleman's character. Is not Simon conscientious, O uncharitable *Press?* But Mr. Forney has no love for our great political potentate; while John Scott is his friend. Equipped with Simon's indispensable recognition, Scott rides into power and position on the Pennsylvania Railroad; and without this invaluable friendship, and that potential auxiliary railroad influence, John Scott would not have been summoned forth from his obscurity, successfully competing with Moorhead, Grow, Curtin, Marshall and all the rest, for this coveted prize.

Mr. Scott is clear of the tainting influence of our narrow and illiberal as well as detestable spirit of State politics, which is so much in his favor. That he may prove to be a worthy and honest Senator, recording his votes, enrolling his actions, and exerting his influence always on the side of liberty and progress, is now our ardent hope. Alas! the experiment that gave us Cowan remains fresh in the memory.

The first number of THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE, looking so neat and attractive, wins merited admiration. Those whom I have heard speak of it bestow kindly words of praise. It certainly presents a very pleasant appearance, giving evidence of great care and commendable skill in its mechanical execution, as well as excellent taste. Its inherent qualities as indicated by the initial copy, are such as should enlist for it in ample measure popular favor and regard, assuring its prosperity and success. May it reap a generous support and worthy patronage, and establish a career that will abound in usefulness.

On Friday evening next Anna E. Dickinson will deliver her lecture entitled "A Struggle for Life" at the Academy of Music. Miss Dickinson is always greeted by large audiences in her native city, and this occasion is not likely to furnish an exception to the rule.

Last week I intended mentioning the fact that Lucretia Mott, on Sunday, the 3d instant, completed her seventy-sixth year. On that day she attended Friends' meeting at the Race street meeting house, where there was a large attendance, and preached an admirable sermon. It was fully up to the excellent standard of her religious discourses. She appeared to have more than her usual vigor, spoke with great force, fluency and eloquence, and her impressive remarks elicited a most attentive hearing. The sermon was amply interspersed with well placed Scriptural quotations to enforce and illustrate her teaching, which ever aims to inculcate good principles, to urge the paramount importance of right doing and right living, to encourage all to devote themselves to works of goodness and usefulness, and waken other minds to the beneficence of rational progress. She is especially emphatic in enunciating as a cardinal maxim, the idea of accepting truth for authority, rather than authority for truth. Her mindfulness concerns the essential truths of christianity; and towards the untenable and irrational doctrines of the church she ever evinces a firm antagonism. Her heart warms in active sympathy with all wise reforms, and all just movements that have for their primary object the benefit and elevation of man, and that tend to improve the condition of society. She gives a cordial recognition to those purposes that are the outgrowth of a just comprehension of the christian spirit, which indicate a better feeling of brotherhood, and a truer relation to the common Father.

On the occasion above referred to, special emphasis was given to the salient idea that God would teach his people himself, and that dutiful obedience to the inward teacher is all-important.

Long may we experience the benign influence of Lucretia Mott's instruction, and realize the inspiriting effect of her beautiful example, which sheds such a precious light around us, prompting to good deeds, and the cultivation of pure hearts. W.

COLORED MEN AS JURORS.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., January 11th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I NOTICED in your issue of last week that a colored man sat as a Juror of the Superior Court of Massachusetts. I am happy to inform you that our townsman, Rev. J. W. Lognen, was also drawn, two weeks since, as a member of the Grand Jury of this county, which sits next month. In drawing the names it is reported, that Mr. Lognen's was the first. The day has commenced to dawn. As soon as the sun rises all will see the women. T. W. CARDOZO.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THE root out of which springs the far larger part of the vices which are so rapidly extending throughout this community unquestionably is, "the oppression of the laborer." The best authorities admit that, since the War of the Rebellion, whilst the cost of living has trebled, the wages of workingmen have not more than doubled, so that those who had little enough in all conscience previously, have at least one-third less now. This is the case with man's labor. As regards woman's, in our cities at least, its wrongs are past computation, nor will they ever be amended, until the stout arms of the fathers, husbands, and brethren, compel justice from the soulless traffickers who oppress and not unfrequently absolutely rob them.

As human beings are commonly compelled to herd together in the majority of our cities, in order to procure the means for their subsistence, it is not their fault, but compulsory on them to generate diseases and crimes. The conditions under which they exist are so fearful, that both surgeons and magistrates can easily calculate upon the ghastly consequences of such a state of existence; they have, by their actions, acknowledged this in Liverpool. About two years ago a law was passed in that city, forbidding landlords, under a severe penalty, to let their cellars (and forbidding any to occupy the same) as places to live in. If the governors of the city in which this is written (New York) did their most important duty; which, according to the statement of the Declaration of Independence, is the protection of life, they would order every third block in the crowded portions of the city to be levelled for sanitary needs, and lay bare at least a rood of land behind every school-house for educational requirements.

The natural consequences of this close packing of humanity are upon us. We have sown the field and we are commencing to reap the harvest. The *New York Herald* informs us in a late leader that it reported one hundred murders within the previous month and it surmised that there were doubtless many which had escaped mention. Other crimes are advancing in equal ratio. Mammon bullies us from the bench of Justice, cajoles us in our halls of legislature, and not unfrequently grins at us out of the pulpit. The daily press, with a few honorable exceptions, instead of instructing us has become our betrayer, the advertiser of all abominations, and the debaucher of the morals of the community. The theatre follows suit. Instead of holding the mirror to nature, "showing virtue her own features, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and presure"—it has become a place of assignation, where blasphemy and lewdness pass current for wit, where Shakespeare is crowded off the boards by troops of half-naked women.

Under these circumstances it is no wonder that the wail of the laborer is unheard. That the poor boon of two hours per day is refused, or, when ordained by the law, that the law itself is indignantly defied. It is no wonder a shout of joy is raised, when the miners in Pennsylvania are driven back to toil in the bowels of the earth two hours longer per day. "Back to your holes," cries the press. "We must have the coal," shout the political economists; "Amen:"—echo the churches, "do your duty in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call you!" If a politician occasionally favors the demand of the miners, it is because he knows these men are at times called out of their diggings to make representatives, senators, and presidents.

The most fearful sign of the times is the robbery of the toiler of the returns of his labor. In almost exact proportion to the arduous nature of the work done is the diminution of the amount it secures to its performer. The minimum of pay is given for the maximum of labor. Added to this injustice, the rights of producers are rendered legally subservient to those of traffickers, and those of traffickers in turn sacrificed to the demands of speculators, gamblers, and idlers. In the factories, the very name of man is ignored, and the wholesome titles of brother, neighbor, or even workman—forgotten. Human beings, in such places, are now commonly considered merely as parts of the machine, and recognized only by the terms, hands, operatives, etc. In many of the workshops they are degraded even lower, and, in lieu of the names they received at the baptismal font, are branded, like bales of goods, with a trade mark or number instead. But the condition of the women toilers in the cities, is even worse than this. Politically and legally almost unprotected they are the sure spoil of villains. Commonly defrauded even of equal pay for equal labor with man, low as that return is, the miserable pittance they are generally able to obtain, would often justify them in envying the higher rewards in shelter, food, and care, obtained by the beasts which they pass, as they plod their miserable way through life. Fearful as this picture is there is a lower deep yet, which alas! too many of them are forced to fathom; when, driven by poverty into crime, they turn on society in their despair, and are trampled by sinners greater than themselves, who know no mercy, into the dust of the earth.

If this be the state of too many of the mechanical toilers what is that of the larger body, those who are the prime source of all wealth, the tillers of the soil. Look at Ireland, an island noted for its resources and fertility. It will not answer for us to permit the Irishman to be even accused of laziness. Yet the judgment of God in 1846 and 7 proved that evil land and money laws had succeeded in robbing its cultivators of all the other productions of the soil, leaving them in return for their labors only the potato. Look at England, see the plough divorced from the land, where large sections of the latter are sequestrated for pleasure, for the hare, the pheasant and even the fox, whilst the laborer stands looking at it longingly with his rusty spade in his hand. If employed, behold him starving in the midst of the plenty he himself creates; or unable, from the scanty pittance he obtains in return for his services to support his family, mark him in his age, torn from the partner of his life, and thrust into a poor-house to drag out the remainder of his joyless existence.

But the question of the alienation of the land, the common property of the community, is looming up also before us in gigantic proportions from the West and South. The natural resource of the hardy toiler is becoming closed against him in both these instances. Those who have succeeded in establishing themselves in the West are being, in many cases, worked out of their claims, whilst its finest sections of agricultural and mineral land's are being kicked about like a football, in the markets of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and not unfrequently in Paris, Frankfort, and London. But the Sampson of the West is already rising from his sleep, and the parchment bonds with which he has been bound will soon be scattered to the winds. In the South the negro, who has for two centuries cultivated the soil, appears before Congress, the Frankenstein slavery has made him, and demands justice at its hands. Four years war, tons of blood, and billions of money we have paid for his liberty. It is a big price, but not too great, for that we have purchased is priceless. But it is not enough. He stands erect—but he cannot stand erect long if he has no land to stand on; so he puts in his modest claim for it. It is—two centuries of unrequited toil upon it. Weigh it well, Senators and Representatives, against the parchment claims and Indian purchases which oppose it. Consider that there is the land, here is the laborer, and the North will supply the tools. Reject it and establish an Ireland in this nation, which must eventually destroy it.

It will be well for us, amid the din and tumult of the great labor war now convulsing the civilized parts of the earth, if our administrators of the law, sworn as they are fearlessly to apply it as written, now stand manfully by the Constitution and smite down the power of the oppressor. It will be well for us as a people, if we hearken to the great call now clearly ringing through the heavens overhead, demanding as of yore—"Where is thy brother Abel?" It will not answer for us to reply with Cain—"am I my brother's keeper?" We are Republicans, and by the very construction of our government itself, we acknowledge our duties in his case. In Great Britain, a nation top-heavy with legal and executive power, oppression is generating brutality and barbarism, but in our freer country, it generates crime. One turn of the screw upon Labor, and a crime starts up instanter, as is evidently the case daily. It is well for us that we reach soon the end of our tether, for, it being so, we have a chance left us to reform. When the conflict between money and labor occurs in Great Britain, and it is even now rapidly approaching, the consequence will be fatal, for there will be no quarter given on either side.

There is no greater crime that can be committed, than that of defrauding the laborer of his hire. The fathers of the church wisely place it amongst the four most deadly crimes; those which, to use their own language, "are crying to God for vengeance." It is so catalogued in the prayer-book of the Catholic Church. Is there not reason to fear, that we, as a nation, and many other portions of the civilized world, are guilty of this crime? What is our condition even now? Do not our records of the past year teem with the murders of parents by children, children by parents, husbands by wives, and wives by husbands? Are we not flooded with sins similar to those which preceded the destruction of the tribe of Benjamin and the cities of the plain? Have not fœticide and abortion taken their places publicly in our daily papers in the list of the fine arts, and has it not been asserted, that, in the cities of London and New York alone, there are now existing thousands of mothers who have murdered their children? These being facts, and there is no reason to doubt their correctness, surely it must appear, that the cruel, stern, and intense money pressure (by which Mammon, even now, here and in Europe, is defrauding the laborer of his hire) is not appealing to the Deity for vengeance—in vain!

R. W. HUME.

From *The Central Illinoian*, one of the best of the Illinois Journals, we clip the following very kind notice of THE STANDARD:

"ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.—We take pleasure in recommending this most excellent publication to our patrons. No paper on our list of exchanges is more welcome than it. It is ably edited—has a good corps of writers and correspondents, and for a fearless advocacy of advanced ideas—independent of all policy features; THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD stands first in this country. Wendell Phillips is especial editorial contributor to THE STANDARD.

"Any one sending for a specimen copy will find very liberal inducements offered to subscribers. Address NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, New York."

The Hudson (Mass.) *Pioneer*, a well-conducted, handsomely-printed weekly, edited by George Stearns, Esq., and published by Mr. William W. Wood, gives THE STANDARD friendly greeting as follows:

"THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD 'advocates entire and immediate enfranchisement for the colored race, as an act of justice,' and 'hospitably entertains the claims of movements of a kindred end and aim, as the Rights of Women, Temperance, Education, etc.' Eminent writers contribute weekly to its columns, and Wendell Phillips appears almost weekly in its editorial department, which is committed to the special management of A. M. Powell. THE STANDARD is worthy of the most general and generous patronage—that upon which reformatory publications must for a while longer subsist. Of all our exchanges there is none whose visits to our table are better entertained. Published at 39 Nassau street, New York, at $3 a year."

A COLORED GENIUS—HAIR GRAFTING.

JERSEY CITY, January 4th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I BEG leave to intrude upon your space, to show the public that scientific inventions and discoveries have not in all cases originated with, or been studied out by, white brains. And although I have never heard of banquets being given in honor of colored statesmen or inventors, yet I am constrained to believe if banquets were awarded in all cases according to merit and genius only, that colored statesmen and inventors would come in for their share of the honors.

To show that such would be the case, allow me to refer to a single instance illustrative of the genius of a colored man, that has come under my observation during the past two years, which I think will interest, not only abolitionists, but every conservative whose "early piety or taxation of his brain to prove the incompetency of the negro to hold a ballot, has caused his wise cranium to become bald, thereby necessitating the purchase of a wig, and just here let me remark if any one doubts the truth of what I am about to narrate, if they will call upon me I will prove it so conclusively that the worst negro hater in the land will not dispute it.

There is a colored gentleman by the name of W. C. Innis, living in Jersey City, whose business occupation is a barber, but for the past few years he has made the treatment of permature bald heads a special study, and after a series of experiments has demonstrated the fact that hair may be grafted into such a head and made to grow. What first led him to believe that it could be done, was by watching long hairs growing upon his arms, which he could account for in no other way than that they must have flown off from his head and stuck into his arms while he was cutting hair, as he usually had his sleeves rolled up while at work. He at one commenced the experiment of grafting hair into bald heads, and has reduced it to a science. He first takes hair from the head of another person, and examines it with a microscope to ascertain if it is perfect and healthy. This hair he inserts into the cavities of the scalp, and secures it to its place by bandages which are allowed to remain a few days until the hair takes root. I have seen Mr. Innis perform this operation upon several different persons with the best of success, and yet the Commonwealth of New Jersey in its wisdom says that this Mr. Innis has not brains enough to exercise the elective franchise.

F. H. SNYDER.

THE WORKINGMAN'S ADVOCATE.

THE course of the *Workingman's Advocate*, of Chicago, the appointed organ of the Labor Reformers, is worthy of notice. Two leading articles have lately appeared in it repudiating all caste distinctions in the cases of laborers. Although it is manifest that, since the destruction of Chattel Slavery, the cause of Labor has necessarily become a unit in this country, in which the interests of all who toil have become closely intermingled, it is a hard task to make the more ignorant of the producing classes perceive this fact, and still more difficult to make them admit it. Under such circumstances, the mere attempt to prove to such the utter necessity of close union and concerted action between all classes of laborers is highly meritorious. * *

LITERARY.

A Thousand Miles Walk Across South America is the title of a book written by Nathaniel H. Bishop, with an introduction by Edward A. Samuels, Esq., author of "ornithology and öology of New England." The young man who made the pedestrian trip of which this book is a narrative, was a native of Massachusetts; and has walked across the Pampas and Cordilleras, more than a thousand miles, unable to speak the language, with an astonishingly small amount of money. He was but seventeen years of age when he entered upon his difficult undertaking; but by dint of perseverance, supported by an enthusiastic love for nature, he accomplished a task that would have seemed insurmountable to many older and more experienced than himself. Mr. Samuels says in his introduction: "The young traveller started on his journey of upwards of twelve thousand miles, by sea and land, with a cash capital of forty-five dollars, and returned home with fifty; thus proving to those who wish to see the world that energy, industry, and economy are as potent to assist them in their efforts as unlimited wealth." This account of his journey is mainly a copy of his journal, which in a slightly revised form is published by Lee & Shepard of Boston.

The same publishers issue, SYDNIE ADRIANCE OR TRYING THE WORLD, by Amanda Douglass; GLOVERSON AND HIS SILENT PARTNERS by Ralph Keeler; and CHARLIE BELL, THE WAIF OF ELM ISLAND, by Rev. Elijah Kellogg. The latter is an entertaining book for boys.

The January number of *Lippincott's Magazine* contains the opening chapters of the brilliant and original American novel, written expressly for this Magazine, entitled "Beyond the Breakers," A story of the present day, with a full-page illustration; "Poems for a Golden Wedding," by R. H. Stoddard, Geo. H. Boker, and Bayard Taylor; "Christmas Pantomimes," by T. C. deLeon; "The Blue Cabinet;" A Christmas story, by Lucy Hamilton Hooper; "The Old Year and the New," by F. W. Clarke; "The Secret Agent (of Napoleon III.);" "Justice for Blue-Beard," by Miss M. A. Campbell; "Cross and Crown," A poem, by Edgar Fawcett; "l'earl of Great Price," by Rebecca Harding Davis; "The Parisian New Year's," by George M. Towle; "Nor Dead nor Living," A Love Story, by Jane G. Austin; "Will Spain be a Republic?" by Karl Blind; "Golden Dreams," A Christmas story, by Albert Fabre; Our Monthly Gossip and Literature of the Day.

The Third Volume and Second Year of *Lippincott's Magazine of Literature, Science and Education* commences with the number for January, 1869; and it is the intention of the publishers that the Magazine shall not only maintain the high literary reputation which it has acquired during the first year of its publication, but that it shall be still more valuable, attractive and entertaining.

Each number will contain a large proportion of light reading, together with articles of a more thoughtful class.

The fascinating story of KING BRONDE, HIS LILLY AND HIS ROSEBUD is the name of a fairy tale written by Mrs. Anna M. Diaz, and published by Fields, Osgood & Co. Mrs. Diaz is well and favorably known as one of the best writers for *Our Young Folks*, and those juveniles, who have read her many interesting contributions to that magazine will have keen appetites for this little volume which is well illustrated by W. L. Sheppard.

Another child's book is *The Little Gypsy* by Elie Savage; translated from the French by L. M. Luyster and illustrated by Lorenz Frölich. Roberts Brothers publish this exciting little romance.

Fields, Osgood & Co. have added to their Diamond Edition of the poets a volume of Sir Walter Scott's poems. It contains all of Scott's poetical writings, including his translations from the German, and makes a very neat and substantial book.

RECEIVED.

GREATER BRITAIN. A record of travel in English-speaking countries during 1866 and 1867. By Charles Wentworth Dilke. 561 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE OLD WORLD IN ITS NEW FACE. By Henry W. Bellows. Vol. 2. 528 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

BLINDPITS. A Story of Scottish Life. 516 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

JESUS OF NAZARETH. His Life and Teachings. By Lyman Abbott. 509 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A BOOK ABOUT DOMINIES. By A. R. Hope. 265 pp. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

WATCHWORDS FOR THE WARFARE OF LIFE. From Dr. Martin Luther. 330 pp. New York: M. W. Dodd.

The Little Corporal for January. Chicago: Alfred L. Sewall.

The North American Review for January, 1869. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Littell's Living Age. Boston: Littell & Gay.

Every Saturday. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Special Notices.

PREMIUMS

WE will send post-paid, to any one renewing a subscription for THE STANDARD and sending one new subscriber ($6); or remitting for two new subscribers ($6), a copy of ANNA E. DICKINSON'S new book, 301 pages, just issued by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, entitled "WHAT ANSWER?" As with her voice, so with her pen, Miss Dickinson pleads eloquently the cause of the still oppressed colored people. The story is one of thrilling interest, characterized by a noble purpose and high moral tone. It deserves, and will doubtless achieve, a wide circulation. Our premium offer puts it within easy reach of thousands.

WE continue to offer to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6); either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters," 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's Romance of the Republic, 442 pages—price $2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court, 498 pages—price $2.50.

MR. EDWARD M. DAVIS, No. 333 Walnut street, Philadelphia, consents, for a time, to act as General Agent of the Pennsylvania State Anti-Slavery Society; and to receive and forward, from Philadelphia and vicinity, subscriptions, and advertisements for THE STANDARD.

PEACE MEETING AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Convention of the Universal Peace Union will be held on Thursday, January 21st, 1869, at Washington D. C. Lucretia Mott and other speakers will be present.

ALFRED H. LOVE, President.

THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO REFORM.

THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE will labor for the legal and political Equality of Woman.

It will also consider the questions of Woman's Work, Education, Wages and Social Status. It will record the progress of the Cause abroad, and aim to be a faithful index of all important Home Movements. A Literary Department will be maintained.

Eminent Writers will be regular Contributors, and articles (to be liberally compensated) are solicited from all friends of the Movement.

The January number contains articles from Frances Dana Gage, Lucy Stone, Frederick Douglass, Miss Kate Field, W. J. Linton, Henry B. Blackwell, Aaron M. Powell, George S. Burleigh, Rev. J. W. Chadwick and other well-known writers. For the current year, arrangements of such a character are in progress, as warrants the assurance that each number will exhibit an improvement in quality and literary excellence.

THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE will be issued every month; each number containing 48 pages, printed from new type on fine paper, and furnished to subscribers for Two Dollars a year, payable in advance. To Clubs of Four or more, One Dollar and Fifty Cents per copy. Single Copy, Twenty Cents. The postage will be Twenty-four Cents a year.

Editors of journals publishing this Prospectus, or calling attention to it editorially, will be entitled to a copy for the year by sending a marked copy to the Publisher.

All Communications to be addressed,

WILLIAM P. TOMLINSON, Publisher,
39 Nassau Street, New York.

[Subscriptions for THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE will be received, the two furnished for $4.00 per annum].

Advertisements.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.

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OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, 277 Washington street, Boston. CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., 711 Broadway, N. Y.

NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY.

G. P. Rowell & Co., the New York Advertising Agents, are about issuing a complete American Newspaper Directory. It is a compilation much needed, since nothing of the kind having any claims to completeness has ever been published.

Messrs. Rowell & Co. have spared no pains or expense to make the forthcoming work complete. We understand the book will be a handsome octavo volume of about 800 pages, bound in dark cloth, and sold for Five Dollars per copy.

As the publishers are Advertising Agents, their issuing a work containing so much information, usually jealously guarded by those in that business, shows that they are confident of their ability to be of service to advertisers, or they would not so readily place

Miscellaneous Department.

LIFE WITHOUT AN ATMOSPHERE.

How wearily the grind of toil goes on
Where love is wanting, how the eye and ear
And heart are starved amidst the plenitude
Of nature, and how hard and colorless
Is life without an atmosphere. I look
Across the lapse of half a century,
And call to mind old homesteads, where no flower
Told that the spring had come, but evil weeds,
Nightshade and rough-leaved burdock in the place
Of the sweet doorway greeting of the rose
And honeysuckle, where the house walls seemed
Blistering in sun, without a tree or vine
To cast the tremulous shadow of its leaves
Across the curtainless windows from whose panes
Fluttered the signal rags of shiftlessness;
Within, the cluttered kitchen-floor, unwashed
(Broom-clean I think they called it); the best room
Stifling with cellar damp, shut from the air
In hot midsummer, bookless, pictureless
Save the inevitable sampler hung
Over the fire-place, or a mourning-piece,
A green-haired woman, peony-checked, beneath
Impossible willows; the wide-throated hearth
Bristling with faded pine-boughs half concealing
The piled-up rubbish at the chimney's back;
And, in sad keeping with all things about them,
Shrill, querulous women, sour and sullen men,
Untidy, loveless, old before their time,
With scarce a human interest save their own
Monotonous round of small economies,
Or the poor scandal of the neighborhood;
Blind to the beauty everywhere revealed,
Treading the May-flowers with regardless feet;
For them the song-sparrow and the bobolink
Sang not, nor winds made music in the leaves;
For them in vain October's holocaust
Burned, gold and crimson, over all the hills,
The sacramental mystery of the woods.
Church-goers, fearful of the unseen Powers,
But grumbling over pulpit-tax and pew-rent,
Saving, as shrewd economists, their souls
And winter pork with the least possible outlay
Of salt and sanctity; in daily life
Showing as little actual comprehension
Of Christian charity and love and duty,
As if the Sermon on the Mount had been
Outdated like a last year's almanac:
Rich in broad woodlands and in half-tilled fields,
And yet so pinched and bare and comfortless,
The veriest straggler limping on his rounds,
The sun and air his sole inheritance,
Laughed at a poverty that paid its taxes,
And hugged his rags in self-complacency!

Whittier's, "Among the Hills."

INDUSTRIAL RECONSTRUCTION.

BY ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL.

EVERY boy follows some occupation. He never dreams of getting through life without having some calling to which he must devote much time and energy. From his babyhood up he expects this and looks forward to it, and often he begins at an early age to cast about him for the right vocation. Now if every girl could have the same stimulus, or something as nearly akin to this as possible, it would remake the whole type of present Womanhood.

The question with which we are concerned is, would this be desirable? Would it be a good thing to make every girl expect to follow some distinct craft or profession, and go steadily forward to fit herself for it exactly as her brother does? I should say, yes. Let custom and public opinion enjoin this upon her just as imperatively as it does upon the boy, and let her be as thoroughly fitted for her calling. It should be understood that if she remain unmarried, the respectability of her position will be called in question unless, like her brothers, she follow some occupation. If she marries and takes upon herself the duties of housekeeper and perhaps also of a mother, she only changes the character of her occupation, or perhaps she simply adds this also to her former pursuits.

Most men and women marry sooner or later, and it is every way desirable that they do so. Each family, at least in the present state of society, usually desires its own separate home, and to keep this home in order and harmony is a distinct business in itself. It is as honorable and as useful as farming, or manufacturing, or selling merchandise, or practicing law. If to this be added maternal duties, then no calling is more noble or possesses more beautiful compensations! The good, faithful mother of a family is not an idler, and though she may not be herself a money-maker, yet as partner in the matrimonial firm, she is justly fully entitled to an equal share in all profits. The theory that a wife who thus bears her fair share of their joint burdens is yet "*supported*" by her husband, has been the bane of all society. It has made women feel that it is their right to be dependents and non-producers; and it has fostered man's conceit of his own independent sovereignty. It has taught women, where this is possible, to fold up their hands and complacently give their proper duties over into the keeping of others.

Thus, for women, all work has until lately come to be regarded as a degradation, or at best as a misfortune, to be evaded as far as is feasible. While the fine lady disdains all useful occupation, her example must be closely imitated in every grade of society. The humblest servant girl feels bound to leave a good situation, to live in comparative idleness and unthrift as soon as she is married, because she thinks that as a wife she has a right to be supported. The pair may not jointly have saved a hundred dollars from their meagre earnings, yet her credit with her class is at stake. "If he can't keep me I won't marry him at all," is her steady declaration, and as it is supposed to disgrace the husband if he hesitates to bear this burden, his mouth is closed against protest. So, regardless of possible rainy days and the probable small mouths to be fed hereafter, they at once set up housekeeping upon nothing. Afterwards when she has learned more wisdom and less pride, she is forced to leave her half-dozen children to care for themselves, while she goes out by the day as washerwoman. This, public opinion about them says, is no disgrace, since it is merely helping along in the family; but the poor thing now is overwhelmed even with her home-duties.

There is never a time when healthy men or women may honorably give up work, either of hands or brain, for any longer period than a good holiday. On the other hand, certainly no one has a moral right to be wholly absorbed in his business. "Man shall not live by bread alone." We need both change and recreation. The real workers work too much, and the idlers play or dawdle too continuously. Almost every one would be better if he had far more variety in his life, and to women the monotony becomes often most pernicious. Many a housekeeper could give some hours every day to a steady outside pursuit with both pleasure and profit; and to her life-long gain also; physically and mentally. Let the popular sentiment stimulate woman's energies equally with man's and all this will regulate itself. Women generally will then choose callings which are not incompatible with their probable domestic engagements, and yet none need grow up as now without some fixed aim or purpose.

At present the energies of a large class of women are sadly overtaxed—of a far larger class, I suspect, than of men; and the evil prevails to a much more alarming extent. Therefore are there so many nervous, fretful, and feeble mothers! Therefore are there so many children early motherless!

No eight hour or even ten hour system can prevail in the nursery! Some supervision is necessary here for twenty-four hours of every day, and the care of the steadily increasing group of little ones often occupies as many as twenty-four of the best years of many a woman's life. Would a merchant who lived all day and all night in his store, ever on the alert either for customers or for burglars, be likely to live through a term of twenty-four years and come out of it at the end much better than an "atomy?" Women fade early, it is said. So do over-worked shopmen and all-shaded house-plants generally.

"Haven't women, then, enough to do at home?" we are triumphantly asked. God forbid! While they are surrounded by little ones they imperatively need assistance in these nerve-wearing, unceasing parental duties. It was easier for Job to be patient than for Job's wife who had had all those children to take care of until she was thus suddenly bereft of them. No woman can bear the unending strain on heart and nerves with impunity, and very few will continue either to be saintly or brilliant. Let there be hours when the mother can safely lay down her burdens and enter into a new world, either of work, or rest, or of recreation, as her necessities dictate! Whoever would be a thoroughly good mother must be something more than a mother! Then she may hope to have still another quarter of a century of vigorous life after her nursery is tenantless; echoing only now and then to the merriment of her grandchildren.

We bring up our young girls in effeminate idleness and we quiet our old ladies into premature second childishness; but perhaps the majority of women in middle life are enfeebled and prematurely aged by over work. The husband never dreams of this; he must serve a month's apprenticeship in nursery, kitchen, and parlor successively, before he can be made to credit this fact. Women have as much natural right to continue to live in good health to the end of their days as men have.

Exceptional women may follow special callings steadily for life, but the majority will never do this. Of even that small class who are predetermined for specialties, or for eminent success in any of the higher avocations where great men also make their mark, the larger half may expect to reap their highest success after they have attained the full benefit of ordinary middle-life experience and discipline. The added years bring not only wisdom, but a softened and broadened character, to an extent that no young person will ever realize, until a long experience has been undergone of this steadily modifying process.

Youth is eager and brilliant, and the American nation, which is especially in love with these qualities, is foisting its young men everywhere into positions of prominence. But the nation itself is yet in the first flush of its youthful strength; there will come a reaction when older and wiser men will be oftener chosen to fill our positions of public trust. Then our women who are their peers in age, wisdom, experience, and in the imperative essential to all success, established good health, can find time to be their co-workers in these outside avocations. Every nursery suffers when bereft of the *paternal* influence, and every human calling suffers if deprived of woman's cooperation.—*The Woman's Advocate for January.*

ONE YEAR AGO.

The following beautiful and touching lines, by Mrs. H. B. Stowe, are from "Under the Cross," an illustrated holiday work of great excellence and beauty, just published by Henry Hoyt.

One year ago a ringing voice,
A clear blue eye
And clustering curls of sunny hair,
Too fair to die.

Only a year—no voice, no smile,
No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
Fair but to die.

One year ago, what loves, what schemes
Far into life!
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,
The burial stone,
Of all that beauty, life and joy
Remain alone!

One year, one year, one little year,
And so much gone!
And yet the even flow of life
Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair
Above that head:
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray
Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds,
That sing above,
Tells us how coldly sleeps below
The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved?
What hast thou seen?
What rising fair, what glorious life
Where thou hast been?

The veil! the veil! so thin, so strong!
'Twixt us and thee;
The mystic veil! when shall it fall,
That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone,
But present still,
And waiting for the coming hour
Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,
Our Saviour dear!
We lay in Silence at Thy feet
This sad, sad year!

SUNDAY SERVICES AT SEA.

PLEASANT to hear the ship's bells go, as like church bells as they could; pleasant to see the watch off duty mustered, and come in; best hats; best Guernseys, washed hands and faces, smoothed heads. But then arose a set of circumstances so rampantly comical, that no check which the gravest intentions could put upon them would hold them in hand. Thus the scene. Some seventy passengers assembled at the saloon tables. Prayer-books on tables. Ship rolling heavily. Pause. No minister. Rumor has related that a modest young clergyman on board has responded to the captain's request that he will officiate. Pause again, and very heavy rolling.

Closed double doors suddenly burst open, and two strong stewards skate in, supporting minister between them. General appearance as of somebody picked up, drunk and incapable, and under conveyance to station house. Stoppage, pause, and, particularly heavy rolling. Stewards watch their opportunity, and balance themselves, but cannot balance minister; who struggling with a drooping head and a backward tendency, seems determined to return below, while they are as determined that he shall be got to the reading desk in mid saloon. Desk portable, sliding away down a long table, and aiming itself at the breasts of various members of the congregation. Here the double doors, which have been carefully closed by other stewards, fly open again, and worldly passenger tumbles in, seemingly with pale ale designs: who, seeking friend, says "Joe!" Perceiving incongruity, says "Hullo! beg yer pardon!" and tumbles out again. All this time the congregation has been breaking up into sects—as the manner of congregations often is—each sect gliding away by itself, and all pounding the weakest sect which slid first into the corner. Utmost point of dissent soon attained in every corner, and violent rolling. Stewards at length make a dash; conduct minister to the mast in the centre of the saloon, which he embraces with both arms; skate out; and leave him in that condition to arrange affairs with flock.

There was another Sunday, when an officer of the ship read the service. It was quiet and impressive, until we fell upon the dangerous and perfectly unnecessary experiment of striking up a hymn. After it was given out, we all rose, but everybody left it for somebody else to begin. Silence resulting, the officer (no singer himself) rather reproachfully gave us the first line again, upon which a rosy pippin of an old gentleman, remarkable throughout the passage for his cheerful politeness, gave a little stamp with his boot (as if he were leading off a country dance), and blithely warbled us into a show of joining. At the end of the first verse we became, through these tactics, so much refreshed and encouraged, that none of us, howsoever unmelodious, would submit to be left out of the second verse; while as to the third we lifted up our voices in a sacred howl that left it doubtful whether we were the more boastful of the sentiments we united in professing, or of professing them with a most discordant defiance of time and tune.

CHARLES DICKENS.

DISCIPLINE.

In the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;
To wake the music and the beauty needs
The master's touch, the sculptors' chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skillful hand;
Let not the music that is in us die;
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us, nor let,
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie.

Spare not the stroke; do with us as Thou wilt;
Let there be nought unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete Thy purpose, that we may become,
Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord.

BONAR.

THE ART OF POCKET-PICKING.

YOUR artistic pick-pocket is a gentlemanly looking fellow, wears neat boots and gloves, always has a new-looking hat, and is altogether the last man you would suspect of any sinister designs on your pocket. He lives in first-class hotels and boarding-houses, often frequenting the same house for years, totally unsuspected, and remarkable only for his quiet and gentlemanly demeanor. He carefully chooses four companions, equally respectable in appearance, to form what is called a mob, each one producing a certain sum to make a bank, to be used in case one of them falls (taken by the police), in order to provide bail or to pay his counsel fees. They then frequent railway stations, public meetings, or any place where they can find a crowd. A victim is quietly selected as a probable find. Two of the mob then place themselves in front of him, and two remain behind, occupying, as it were, the angles of a square of which the victim is the centre. These are called the front and back stalls. The unfortunate victim is then fanned; that is, his pockets are softly padded to find out the one in which he keeps his wallet; the sign is passed to the operator, who is termed the wire, who immediately proceeds to work. He does not place his hand in the pocket, that is a fatal error; but with the two first fingers he gently draws up the lining of the pocket to the opening, and with it the wallet, and the trick is done. This system is called reefing. The wallet is immediately passed to one of the back stalls, who quietly, though quickly, levants. The most dangerous place for money is undoubtedly the pocket of the pants. Again one of the front stalls passes his arm before your face to touch the other front stalls on the shoulder, only to say "How are you?" but the wire from behind has your diamond pin in his possession. If possible they return the empty wallet to the pocket to avoid detection in its possession, or the dangerous necessity of throwing it away.

For instance: two gentlemen sitting at one end of a car get into an angry altercation, high words ensue, the attention of the other passengers is attracted to their dispute, and the young lady who sat next to that nice looking man at the other end of the car finds, on arriving at Stewart's that her purse is empty. The angry gentlemen and the and nice looking man are simply confederates. This they term weeding. A correspondent of a newspaper lately lost $300 in this way while riding in a Fourth avenue car. Pickpockets are necessarily migratory in their habits, finding a long residence in one place inconvenient. This renders it almost impossible to make any estimate of their probable numbers in this city. They prefer a locality for the scene of their operations that has numerous lines of rail to enable them to separate in various directions as soon as they have a good swag, and to meet again in some other town. These men stand by one another in trouble, and are strictly square in their mutual transactions. A curious instance of "honor among thieves," is found in the following anecdote: The elder Matthews and Theodore Hook, on one occasion, went together to the theatre; while ascending the staircase Matthews playfully took a bundle of papers from Hook's pocket, when he was touched on the shoulder from behind by a gentlemanly-looking man, who handed him his own pocket book, apologizing for taking it by saying, "I didn't know you were one of us," and pertinently adding, "but what a d——d fool you must be to carry it there." Pickpockets, however, never save money, for they are all bitten with a mania for gambling, and, strange to say, are generally unsuccessful at it. Their language is most peculiar, only to be understood by that intelligent body of gentlemen who hail from Mulberry street. Their depredations on the public amount to a very large sum in the course of the year, a considerable portion of which is never recovered, from the general inability of the victims to give any description which might lead to identification; they never, if possible, allowing you to have a full view of their face.—*Tribune.*

CHRISTMAS.

"WE were up by three o'clock Christmas morning, and by half past four were on our way to the Swedish Church. The hard glittering snow lay on the ground more than a foot deep, and the starlight was magnificent that morning, the keen air was even then vocal with sleigh-bells; for the Catholics were going home I suppose, and the country people were coming in to the Swedish service. The little church shone afar off like a beacon, and it was pleasant to interchange Christmas greetings with those who were thronging in after the hymn and anthem, which were really impressive and in which all the congregation joined with all their might. The pastor mounted his pulpit and read about the first Christmas eve, and then all repeated 'Our Father' in concert. When the sermon began, of course we could not understand one word, and off we went relinquishing our seats to some of the standing and understanding congregation. The walk home was the most beautiful part, for it was not yet light, and a faint flush just tinged the East. There the glorious morning star was enthroned, and it seemed to go before us as if we were the wise men, and it was almost two thousand years ago. 'And it stood still over the place where the young child was.' It does so yet, and our young child, our half helpless humanity in the swaddling clothes of bondage lying in the manger in all our cities 'because there is no room for him in the Inn' is the negro race in these United States."

TOBACCO IN THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

Extract from a poem "On Fashions," delivered by John Pierpont, before the Literary Societies of Wesley University, Middletown, Connecticut, at the Commencement of 1863. Apostrophising his native State, and especially the beautiful river, and the valley where he stood, Mr. Pierpont says:

WHERE'ER thine overflow its fatness spreads,
Thy broom corn, Hadley, and thine onion-beds,
O fragrant Weathersfield, lift up their heads.
Not Egypt's Nile lays down a richer slime
Than thine, from Newbury's Oxbow curve to Lyme.
Northhampton's meadows Walpole's Indian corn,
And Holyoke's cotton-mills of thee are born.
I grieve to add, thy generous bosom feeds
The nastiest and the deadliest of weeds.
I grieve to see Nicotia's poisonous leaf
Shading thy banks; but anger, more than grief—
Ay, anger that I care not to control—
A righteous anger—doth possess my soul,
When, lovely valley, I am doomed to see
The plant that's killed Virginia killing thee;
To see that plant, the deadliest that grows,
Supplanting both thy lily and thy rose—
See the green, sluggish reptile it receives,
Climb its rank stalk and lie along its leaves,
Round its pink spike the loathsome crawler squirm,
And man becoming—*a tobacco worm!*

The Angel that of old came down to earth,
Predicting Samson's "bursting into birth,"
His message to the doubting parents given,
Soared, in their burning altar's smoke, to heaven.
Wine nor strong drink, in even the slightest sips,
Must pass the barriers of that giant's lips;
Nor shall the young man who, in this our day,
Doth on Delilah's lap his manhood lay,
Or in the wine-cup keeps his brains a-soak,
E'er soar to heaven wreathed in tobacco-smoke.

When Paul to Athens bore salvation's word,
We're told, his spirit was within him stirred,
Seeing that city wholly given o'er
To idol worship. Altars, by the score,
Were smoking round him, on the Attic plain,
Where goats and heifers were as victims slain;
But to no Demon did those victims bleed,
So foul, as is this foully worshipped weed.
To this the votary sacrifices wealth,
His mind's composure, and his body's health,
His ruddy cheek, a conscience free from pain,
A steady nerve, the vigor of his brain,
The consciousness that he is *not* a slave,
And years that might have rolled between him and his grave.

In *Hinnom's* vale—Gehenna, in the Greek—
Did burning offal of the city reek.
Day after day, night after night, there burned
The fire that carcasses to ashes turned;
Nor summer's breeze, nor winter's stiffer gale,
Swept out the smoke and odor of that vale.
The Greek *Gehenna*, from that smoke, or smell,
Or both, is in our version rendered well
By the short muscular old Saxon, "*Hell.*"
O thou sweet valley, that once more I hail
With joy must *thou* become a Hinnom's vale,
Whose *worm* shall never die, whose fire and stench,
No breeze shall sweep away, nor all thy waters quench?

Sodom's low plain, the green and fertile spot,
That Abraham ceded to his nephew Lot,
In their days—so the sacred books record—
Spread out "even as a garden of the Lord."
Upon that plain—as the same records tell—
From heaven a shower of fire and brimstone fell.
Shall this broad vale, whose waving corn we see,
Whose sweet, white clover feeds the honey-bee,
Where bleating sheep and early singing birds
Rejoice in harmony with lowing herds,
And man, with morning song and evening prayer
Joins in the melody that fills the air,
And falling waters, like an organ's swell,
Chime with the church's and the chapel's bell—
Shall *this* great "garden of the Lord" be cursed
With rank poison—of ill weeds the worst—
Destroying health, life, virtue, manhood—*all?*
Sooner let Sodom's fire and brimstone fall!

While thus I speak, should any hearer deem
That I, in aught have wandered from my theme,
And ask why fire and brimstone I invoke,
To clear this valley of tobacco-smoke,
What Fashion has to do with farmer's crops,
Her only subject being belles and fops;
I answer: She extends her sovereign care
To other *habits* than the ones we wear;
Controls alike our dresses and our deeds,
The scholar's pleasures and the widow's weeds;
Prescribes to her the trimming of her cloak,
And hints to him that it's genteel to smoke.
She rules not o'er the softer sex alone,
Man's stiffer knees grow flexile round her throne.
If the same folly, then, will build its nest,
Under man's waistcoat and in woman's breast,
Tell me why should not—since the sin is common—
The man be thrashed as soundly as the woman?

A USEFUL AND PRACTICAL HINT.—Every man has his idea of what his prosperity should be. The majority of the favorites of fortune require abundance, the minority are contented with a moderate independence. And the same rule prevails with respect to morals and intellect. Some desire to be preeminently good, others rationally so; and others again are satisfied if their conduct places them beyond the reach of censure. It is the same with the mind. One man would wish to soar above his fellow-creatures—to dazzle all beholders by the loftiness of his flights; another would desire to be considered as above the average intellectual standard; another to be thought at least equal in capability with those by whom he is surrounded; and another would let his neighbors rate him just as high or as low as they pleased. So that prosperity in all its varicus phases must only be taken in degree, or according to the estimation in which it may be held. And thus it is that upon the estimate formed by the individual rests the greater portion of the responsibility of realizing what is desired and sought to be obtained.

BOOKSELLERS FOR A HUNDRED YEARS.—The November trade dinner of John Murray, the great London bookseller, was the one hundredth anniversary of the "House of Murray," a century having passed since the original John Murray established himself in Fleet street, in 1768, in the building afterward occupied by his more famous son, until his removal to the premises on Albemarle street, where his grandson still resides and carries on business. Mr. Murray said, in a brief speech, that he hoped soon to introduce to the trade a fourth John Murray, his son, now a youth, who he hoped would keep up the house for many years to come.

COLD hands are caused by unequal circulation of the blood, or its poor quality, or both. In either case more exercise is required, especially of the arms and chest, plain, nourishing food, and a plenty of pure air and sunlight. Heart in the fingers will do more to keep them warm than fleece-lined gloves.

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REPORT OF U. S. COMMISSIONER, T. W. EVANS, M. D., MEMBER OF THE JURY OF THE UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION, TO THE UNITED STATES. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY, DEPARTMENT OF STATE. To wit:

DR. HUDSON has received from the IMPERIAL COMMISSION a BRONZE MEDAL and DIPLOMA, for the limbs sent by him, which have been particularly admired, and are in execution unquestionably the most remarkable in the Exposition." (The only Limbs which had the award of the Medal.)

TESTIMONIAL OF THE CONFERENCE OF THE INTERNATIONAL SANITARY COMMISSION AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, PARIS, 1867.

'IN THE NAME OF THE CONFERENCE OF ASSOCIATIONS FOR THE RELIEF OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS,

"I have the honor to inform you that a MEDAL has been awarded to you, by the Assembly of Delegates at the Distinguished Seance of the 31st of August, 1867—for the services which you have rendered to the cause of Universal Humanity.

PARIS, September 8th, 1868.

COUNT SERURIER, Commissioner General of the International Exposition, President of the Conference.

COUNT G. de CHABOLY, T. GAUVIY. } General Secretaries.

To Monsieur Hudson."

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EDITED BY S. H. MORSE & J. B. MARVIN

The general purpose and character of this work may be sufficiently indicated in its title. It is proper, however, to add the following statement: THE RADICAL furnishes a medium for the freest expression of thought on the questions that interest earnest minds in every community. Not having to consult denominational or party interests, it can consistently enforce the lessons of intellectual freedom and self-dependence. Confiding more in the natural force of Ideas for the progress and melioration of society, than in the good offices of the best disposed institution; in the Divine Spirit of Liberty steadily burning in the soul of man, rather than in the wisest prescriptions of political or ecclesiastical art; we are ambitious, by the discussion ideas and principles, to fortify individuals in their trust of itual Laws, and in an unwavering reliance on the protections heroic character. As occasion demands, we shall criticize lic affairs, and consider the different reformatory movements the present day.

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THE RADICAL is issued every month; each number containing 80 pages, printed from new type on fine paper, and furnished to subscribers at THREE DOLLARS a year, payable in advance. Single Copy, Thirty Cents. The postage is 24 cents a year, payable at the office of delivery.

*** All communications are to be addressed. THE RADICAL Lock Box 132, Boston, Mass.

Published by THE PROPRIETORS, 25 Broomfield street, Boston.

☞ Subscriptions for THE RADICAL and the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD will be received at this office, the two for $6.50 per annum. [ED. STANDARD.]

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VOL. XXIX. PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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